

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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DR. LYON PLAYFAIR

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—PORTRAIT SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SESSION

Topics of the Week

THE CLÔTURE.—As we shall have gone to press before the discussion of this important question begins, it behoves us to speak with caution. It is somewhat surprising, and at the same time somewhat discouraging, to mark the virulence with which the Government proposals have been assailed by a portion of the Press. The matter ought to be really above and beyond party politics, yet it has been treated in the narrowest party spirit. Let us try and look at the affair broadly. Every now and then the country undergoes the throes of a general election. Quantities of money are spent, much dislocation of business and general demoralisation is caused, and much ill-feeling generated during the contests which ensue. Surely, the least we can expect is that the men who are thus chosen at such a heavy cost, and to whom we entrust all our law-making, should do their work properly. But they don't. Although they grasp at business of all sorts, very little is properly executed. One reason for this inefficiency is that many of the rules and traditions by which their discussions are guided are obsolete and unsuitable for modern exigencies. Everybody agrees that some change is absolutely necessary, and the House of Commons now has to decide whether the proposals of the Government are, on the whole, the best that can be devised. Of course, no M.P. can be expected individually to like the *clôture*. It necessarily curtails his liberty of action. But, nevertheless, like a dose of castor-oil, it may be wholesome though nauseous. Meanwhile, all sorts of absurd chimeras have been conjured up concerning this so-called "Gagging Act." According to some dismal vaticinators, we shall be reduced to a worse than Russian despotism. This is the merest nonsense. In such a country as this, parties are never likely to be very unequally divided, and a powerful minority will always take care to make itself heard. We do not say that the numbers proposed by the Government as requisite for the declaration of the *clôture* may not be changed for the better, but there will always, as at present, be plenty of members within easy hail who will prevent a division being unfairly snatched by a small majority. While, however, we talk so glibly of the rights of minorities, we are apt to forget the tremendous power with which under our present system the majority is invested. A majority of one will suffice, and has sufficed, to drive a Ministry from office, and so alter the annals of the Empire. Compared with this, the most tyrannical use of the *clôture* which can be imagined shrinks into nothingness.

PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS.—A very interesting letter from Mr. Laurence Oliphant appeared in *The Times* the other day, urging that a portion of the Mansion House relief fund for the Russian Jews should be set apart for some of those who may wish to settle in Palestine. There is a common belief in England that Palestine is the last country to which Jews wish to go. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, however, who has studied the subject thoroughly, asserts that in the East the Jews have still a passionate love for the land of their forefathers, and that the desire to return to it is not confined to the poor, but is extremely strong among the wealthy members of the community, "whose highest ambition it is to become landed proprietors on the soil which is endeared to them by the most cherished traditions." He also testifies that there are large tracts of rich waste land in various parts of the country, and that the profitable character of agriculture in Palestine has been proved by the experience of several Jews who have made the experiment. An unusual chance of doing good work seems thus to be offered to the promoters of the Mansion House Fund. They might, as Mr. Oliphant suggests, appoint a committee, whose duty it would be to select the most suitable emigrants, to provide them with necessary loans, and to appoint agents for the protection of settlers against local tyranny. There must be many wealthy Jews in England, and some Englishmen, who would be willing to take part in so useful an enterprise as this. It not only appeals to a legitimate sentiment, but might be made the beginning of a great movement which would tend to improve the position of the Jews in all parts of the world. One of the complaints against them at present is that they do not take their fair share of the hard productive work of the world. That could not be said if Palestine were in the hands of an industrious colony of Jewish agriculturists.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.—At the very outset of the Session the House of Commons has shown its constituents how skilled it is in the art of wasting time. For any practical advantage it afforded, the Debate on the Address might just as well have been finished in a single sitting. There was apparently no intentional desire to obstruct, but a number of gentlemen, some Conservatives, some of the Irreconcilable Irish persuasion, wished to impugn (no difficult matter) the policy of the Government in Ireland, and so they talked on for a week. Some of the speeches were good, especially those of three Irishmen, Messrs. Plunket, P. J. Smyth, and Sexton, yet on both sides of the House it was felt that the discussion was, on the whole, of an unpractical and artificial character. The general feeling was "Let the dead past bury its dead; we want to

tackle the *clôture* question." A fillip, however, to the sluggishness of the debate was given by Mr. Gladstone's declaration concerning Home Rule. Coming from any other statesman, the observations which he made would appear innocent enough, for substantially all he said was that he wished the Home Rulers would formulate what they meant by Home Rule, so that, if it were possible, their wishes might be gratified. As a matter of fact, this sentiment has been expressed over and over again on both sides of the House, and is in itself a harmless, commonplace remark. But Mr. Gladstone is not like other men. There is a remarkable tortuosity and want of straightforwardness about many of his utterances. Most likely he cannot help it. "It is his nature to." But the fact remains that he does use language in a very peculiar fashion, and so this apparently innocent speech has created a fever of expectation and excitement. Mr. Sexton at once jumped up and claimed him as a distinguished convert to the cause of Home Rule, while some of the Conservative papers are already bitterly denouncing him for suggesting the disruption of the Empire by way of a bait to catch the Irish vote on the Parliamentary Procedure question. So much for the virulence of party spirit, which does not hesitate to attribute to an opponent the meanest and basest motives of action. Nevertheless, though refusing to admit that Mr. Gladstone was actuated by unworthy aims, we may rightly believe that there was a special meaning in his appeal to the Irish leaders. The Irish policy of the Government during its two years of office, the attempt to mingle coercion and conciliation, has thus far failed disastrously. The loyal Irish have been driven almost to despair by the neglect and injustice which they have undergone; the disloyal Irish, thankless for the concessions made to them, are all the more eager for further concessions. Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Gladstone, despairing of the policy he has hitherto pursued, has been forced to the conclusion that some kind of separation may be advisable? There can be no doubt about one thing. A good many English and Scotch are so weary of Irish discontent, that they would cheerfully grant Home Rule, or even something beyond it, if they could be sure that no foreign Power would lay its paw on the Green Island. After all, Home Rule is no novelty to us. Canada and Australasia are virtually independent. They are most loyal and friendly to the mother country, yet each contains a large Irish population. The chief difference between them and Ireland is that they are much further off, but that need not render the problem insoluble. Meanwhile, the existing *régime* in Ireland is most unsatisfactory. It would be better either to govern the island as a Crown Colony, or to let the people settle their own difficulties without any interference on our part.

NATIONALISM IN EGYPT.—It is by no means easy to discover the precisetruth with regard to the genuineness of the National movement in Egypt. We are assured every morning by powerful organs of opinion that the agitation is factitious, and that England would therefore be mistaken in allowing it to influence her policy. On the other hand, distinguished men who know Egypt well speak of the National party with respect, and seem to be confident that in the end it will shape the destinies of the country. We are disposed to think that the latter authorities are the more trustworthy. There can be little doubt that at the present moment the Egyptians as a people are better off than they have ever been before. The Western Control has relieved them of many of their burdens, and they are subjected to an orderly system instead of to an arbitrary and cruel despotism. In such circumstances a sentiment in favour of independent government would naturally spring up, and the fact that the Notables, who are appointed in a very haphazard fashion, have persisted in their demands, indicates that they are conscious of being borne forward by an advancing tide of public feeling. It is high time for the British Government to explain definitely what is their view of the situation. In association with the French Government, they have responded to the recent declarations of the other Great Powers on the subject; but it is still uncertain whether they mean to support or oppose Nationalist aspirations. If the movement be real, it is certain sooner or later to succeed, whether we approve of it or not; and we may have good reason hereafter to repent any coldness on our part at a time when our aid would be cordially welcomed.

POACHERS AND PRESERVERS.—A case was tried the other day at the Chester Assizes, which forcibly illustrates the evils arising from game-preserving. A desperate night-affray took place between the keepers of a Colonel Legh and a party of salt-miners who were poaching. The poachers had guns, the keepers (so they at first asserted) had only sticks. One of the keepers' party was desperately wounded, while several of the poachers were hurt, and one was killed by a shot fired from a revolver. It was afterwards discovered that this weapon belonged to a member of the keepers' party, which included several amateur watchers. The end of the affair was that three poachers were convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for shooting with intent &c., while three respectable young men received a like punishment for perjury, that is for swearing that they had no firearms when they had. Here is a melancholy catalogue. One man dead, several more or less severely wounded, and six men shut up in prison for a year and a-half. And all for what? Why, that a few rich men may have a few hours' annual

indulgence in battue-shooting, an amusement which has very little of the true sportsmanlike element to recommend it. We are quite aware that the question is a difficult one to settle. The pheasant is almost as tame as a barn-door fowl. If he could be classed as a domestic animal, poachers would sink to the level of hen or duck stealers. But unfortunately he cannot reasonably be so classed. He is not quite tame enough. He has therefore no owner, and the modified right which Colonel A. possesses of killing and eating him becomes transferred to Squire B. as soon as the pheasant chooses to spread his wings and visit the domains of the latter. The question remains: whether such a cause of demoralisation (we have said nothing of egg-stealing, often encouraged by rival gamekeepers) is worthy of encouragement. We have no sympathy for the modern poacher—he is always a blackguard, and his pursuit is morally no better than stealing; but as long as there are strict preservers there will be poachers, especially near large towns, or in the manufacturing districts. Would it not be better either boldly to class pheasants with fowls and ducks; or, by some fiscal impost, to make the excessive preservation of these birds too costly even for a rich man's purse?

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN.—A curious light has been thrown on the relations of this country to the Vatican by the statements of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke with regard to Mr. Errington's supposed mission. Communications often pass, it seems, between the Foreign Office and the Papacy, and they are entrusted on our side to any chance traveller who, like Mr. Errington, may be deemed likely to obtain a friendly reception from the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome. This is certainly not a very "business-like" arrangement, but it would probably be unwise to exchange it for the establishment of formal diplomatic relations. The position of Roman Catholics in England presents a striking contrast to their position in most other European countries. They are not only not in conflict with the State, but rank among the most ardent supporters of existing institutions. There can, therefore, so far as they are concerned, be no need for a Papal Nuncio in London, and the chances are that they themselves prefer to have the same freedom from foreign domination as their Protestant fellow-citizens. As for the Irish Roman Catholics, they would not be conciliated by a Papal representative, while England would lay herself open to the odious charge of trying to govern a discontented population by means of sanctions in which she herself does not believe. On the whole, the present irregular method of communication, unsatisfactory as it may be in some respects, seems to be the best in the circumstances. It enables England and the Vatican to attend to their respective interests without binding themselves by inconvenient engagements.

MISS FEARNEAUX.—When we read in a police report the case of a man who has been victimised by the confidence-trick, we are apt to think how much wiser we should be than the dupe if placed in the same position. It must be remembered, however, that the reports are given very curtly in these cases, and that we do not make acquaintance with all the incidents, more or less plausible, by which the victim is gradually lured on to his fate. Still, there is one peculiarity by which all these dupes are distinguished. They do not suffer for their disinterestedness, they suffer for their greed. They all hope to make a large sum of money without any trouble. The principle is the same whether the victim is dealing with a gentleman who has been entrusted by a wealthy uncle (lately deceased) to dispense large sums in charity, or whether the victim advances money to the scion of a noble family who is temporarily in hiding, but who will hereafter repay all his pecuniary obligations at a bouncing rate of interest. If the charges alleged against her be true Miss Fearniaux is a confidence-man, or a confidence-woman (which should it be?) on a very magnificent scale. She is a very clever woman, inasmuch as she appealed to some of the passions which rule very strongly in a Briton's breast. There was the love of romance and mystery, the love of making acquaintance with a lord, and the love of getting high interest for one's advances. Even a money-lender, usually esteemed the hardest and keenest of mankind, was taken in. She must have been fascinating, whether in male or female costume. Think of those supper parties, where all the guests were victims, like the *bals à la victime* after the Reign of Terror. But she could also be terrible and remorseless. Think of poor Fowell, picking oakum, and working the treadmill for twelve weary months, because he dared to try and recover his own.

ENGLISH LADIES AND WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES.—At the meeting held in the Mansion House the other day some very discouraging statements were made, on the subject of British woollen industries. According to one speaker, the clip of English wool has sold during the last few years for six millions sterling less than it did about twelve or fifteen years ago. Another speaker asserted that in Devonshire the tenant farmers had been able to pay their rents by the sale of wool before 1874, but "of late they had not realised one-half the amount they had formerly obtained from this source of income." In a complex society like ours a falling-off like this in a series of great industries means, of course, widespread suffering. The usual answer to such an appeal as was made at the Mansion House meeting by Lord Salisbury and others to the ladies of England, is that the evil cannot be remedied, since it arises from the operation of the

laws of supply and demand. And it may be admitted that if our woollen goods were of poorer quality and higher price than the foreign fabrics which are preferred to them, those interested in the woollen industries would have no just cause of complaint. We do not, however, understand that this is alleged. A good technical school has been established at Bradford; and Mr. Mitchell, speaking for the manufacturers of that town, declared they were determined "not to be outdone by the French" in regard either to the cheapness or the beauty of their products. English ladies may, therefore, it seems to us, be fairly asked to consider whether—English and foreign textile materials being equally good and cheap—they ought not to give the preference to the former. If those of them who "lead the fashion" set a good example, it would soon be widely followed, with results that would benefit largely many different and important sections of the community.

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THE spectacle in the House of Commons on the first day of the Session was one which is not likely to be soon forgotten. In the lobby the first sign of actual business was the appearance of Inspector Denning, who in a cheery voice cried out "Hats off! make way for Mr. Speaker." The next incident was the formality of opening the locked door by Captain Gosset, the Sergeant-at-Arms, in answer to the urgent knocking of "Black Rod," who had been sent with a message from the House of Lords summoning the "faithful Commons" to hear the Queen's Speech. This done they returned to their own chamber, and the House was at once adjourned to meet again at four o'clock, when, as soon as the Speaker had taken the chair, Sir Erskine May rose book in hand ready to swear in the new members, the last of whom to present himself at the table was the irrepressible Mr. Bradlaugh. Sir Stafford Northcote's interposition followed, and Sir W. Harcourt, in the absence of his chief, then moved the previous question. Then came the solemn and emphatic speech of Mr. Newdegate, whose gestures were so violent as to endanger the features of all within his reach. As he sat down, and Mr. Bradlaugh commenced his speech at the Bar of the House the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Teck appeared in the Peers' Gallery above, whilst at the same moment the clock of the House stopped, an omen which is thus susceptible of various interpretations. The aggrieved member made an impassioned speech, challenging his opponents to repeal the Oaths Act, and offering, if they did so, to resign his seat and appeal again to the electors of Northampton. To him succeeded Mr. Gladstone, whose speech was an amplification of that which Sir W. Harcourt had already delivered, and amongst the remaining orators were Mr. O'Donnell, whose peculiar gift of invective was most unmercifully exercised, and Mr. Labouchere, who reiterated his colleague's suggestion that the oath should be at once abolished. The division, though the result was not unexpected, created a good deal of excitement, but after the declaration of the numbers the House quieted down, and listened calmly to the Queen's Speech as read by the Speaker, and to the speeches of Messrs. Majoribanks and Firth, who moved and seconded the address in reply. The former was resplendent in the uniform of the Royal Scottish Archers, whilst the latter was more modestly attired in a plain Court suit, and carried no sword.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SAVAGE CLUB

THE members of the Savage Club formed a comparatively small and unpretending coterie when they used to assemble some twenty years ago for the Saturday evening's dinner in a low-pitched room in Ashley's Hotel (the old building) abutting on Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. The dinner was early (five o'clock) to suit the convenience of the theatrical members, and after dinner most of the tobacco which was consumed was puffed out of long clay pipes. In those days there were no set entertainments, though now and then a member would "oblige" with a song or a recitation, and the conversation usually assumed a professional literary tinge, or not unfrequently developed into downright though good-humoured "chaff." There was an unmistakably Bohemian flavour about the place and its frequenters, and the well-known scene which T. W. Robertson introduced in *Society* was not such a very outrageous caricature of the sayings and doings of the "Savages" in their earlier days. By the way, although of later years it has been the whim of the members to surround themselves with tomahawks and other implements pertaining to savages spelt with a little "s," most people are aware that the club was really named after Richard Savage, that unfortunate Bohemian of the last century, whose unhappy career was immortalised by the pen of Dr. Johnson.

Like many other institutions, the Savage Club has had its ups and downs, but as, within recent memory, the fashionable world has begun to take an abnormal interest in playwrights, and play-actors, this coterie, whose name was at one time scarcely known beyond professional circles, woke up one day, as Lord Byron said, and found itself famous. Its roll of membership has been greatly enlarged, and it has successively shifted its habitation into premises more and more spacious and commodious; not long ago it entertained Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and now it has celebrated its "silver wedding" by a dinner on Saturday, the 11th inst., at Willis's Rooms, at which the Prince of Wales was present, and after having made a neat and appropriate speech, was enrolled as a member of the Club. After the dinner a number of songs and recitations were given, and these were renewed when the company adjourned to the club-rooms in the Savoy.

The Savage Club, therefore, may be regarded as one of the successes of the day, but it has necessarily lost something of its pristine snugness and simplicity. The old members of 1857 would have been rather astonished had it been suggested that the Prince Consort or Lord Palmerston should join in their humble festivities.

Among the entertainments which our artist has illustrated are Mr. Toole's sketch of an irate magistrate and a stupid witness; Mr. Harry Paulton's comic Lecture on Time; Mr. Lionel Brough's Muddle-Puddle Porter; Mr. Maclean's Tinkler's Wedding; and Mr. Grossmith's "Itinerant Niggers."

THE FOREIGNERS' FÊTE AT MENTONE

MENTONE, one of the favourite winter resorts of Southern France, is situated on the shore of a large bay, which again is subdivided into two smaller bays by a hill. The town is thus separated into two sections east and west, and between the inhabitants of these there is no little rivalry. Those who live in the west bay, the handsomest quarter, are rather inclined to look down upon their eastern neighbours in much the same manner that London West-enders are considered to regard the more humble denizens of the east of the metropolis. The Mentone Orientals, however, do not appear inclined to sit down quietly, and patiently endure the contempt of their aristocratic neighbours; their bay, if less fashionable, is warmer, and is even known as Bennett Bay, after a distinguished medical authority. Accordingly last month the hotel-keepers and inhabitants of the "Quartier Garavan," as it is called, organised a grand fete in honour of the foreign visitors of the town in order to show them that, though perhaps suffering from disadvantage of position, by being somewhat remote from public gardens, band stand, clubs, &c. (which are all in the West Bay) they are still in no way behind-hand in wishing to make their beautiful watering-place as attractive as possible.

The fete consisted of a regatta and fireworks with illuminations. The boat-races were very good, some of the events being very closely contested. In the evening the whole of the East Bay, including the new pier, the "Quay Buonaparte," and the "Quartier Garavan," as far as the Pont St. Louis, was illuminated. Fireworks, bouquets of rockets, &c., were sent off in every direction. Bengal lights, red, green, yellow, and blue, blazed away along the shores, and an illuminated boat procession serpentine noiselessly about the bay. The yachts and shipping in the harbour glowed with lights, while every house and hotel vied with its neighbour in adding to the spectacle. Music, of course, was also not wanting, as two bands perambulated the roads playing patriotic airs.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

ABOUT Ireland there is happily very little to report, the chief incidents being the revelations concerning the issue of the pamphlet, "How to Become the Owner of Your Farm," by Mr. Fottrell, the solicitor to the Land Commission, who has in consequence resigned that office, and the question raised as to Mr. Forster's appointment to a magistracy of Major Bond, the ex-chief of police at Birmingham, which post he resigned in consequence of the local magistrates declaring that they had ceased to regard him with confidence.—The Lady Land Leaguers still hold meetings and defy the police, and those of Liverpool have sent a cheque for 100*l.* to Mr. Parnell by way of a valentine.—Several fresh outrages are reported, one of the latest being the firing at Mr. Wilfred Lloyd, R.M., at Bodyke, in connection with which a number arrests have been made.—The Dublin Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, prompted by the Queen's recent letter to Lord Aberdeen concerning the mutilation of cattle, have resolved to ask the Protestant and Roman Catholic Archbishops to fix a day on which a remonstrance should be made in churches against cruelties which bring disgrace on the Irish people.—Early on Sunday morning the Listowel police captured ten men belonging to a large gang whom they found assembled in a field near the town. Our sketch, "The Pleasures of Hunting," represents a condition of things which has of late become quite common in various parts of Ireland, the peasantry turning out with sticks, stones, and other missiles to attack the hounds, horses, and riders whenever they show themselves in the hunting-field.

NEW RAILWAY AT BARBADOES

BARBADOES is one of the oldest of our colonies, having been permanently settled in 1625. The island is 21 miles long by 14 broad, and is very highly cultivated, owing to the density of the population. Scarcely an acre remains unproductive. The blacks and coloured people far exceed the white; there are some 130,000 of the former to 16,000 of the latter. Bridgetown, the capital, and terminus of the railway, extends along the shores of Carlisle Bay. The climate is pleasant from January to May, though rather oppressive during the rainy season, between August and October. It is normally fairly healthy, as the island from its level character is freely exposed to the sea breeze, but last year there was a serious epidemic of yellow fever. Hurricanes are not uncommon. Three are historical for their intensity, those of 1674, 1780, and 1831. The last was the worst. It killed 2,500 people, and destroyed property to the amount of 2½ millions sterling.

The Barbadoes Railway has been constructed for the purpose of carrying goods and passengers from the east side of the island to the capital, Bridgetown. The line runs through some of the finest estates in the island, particularly in the two extensive parishes of St. Philip and Christchurch. The first section is complete, and was to be opened for traffic on the 30th January; the second section was in a forward state, and it was calculated that within the first six months the whole line, about 21 miles, as at present planned, would be finished, and ready for traffic throughout.

Running for a considerable distance along the sea coast, it is expected that advantage will be taken of it for the erection of residences for merchants and others having business in the city, which they will be able to reach in a very short time by this facility of communication.

There were a few engineering difficulties in the formation of the Railway in passing certain points, which, however, have all been surmounted.

The city terminus is at present at the inner basin, so that the landing and shipment of goods and produce can be easily effected.

One of our engravings represents the terminus at Bridgetown, the other gives the view at Carrington's Point on the arrival of the first load. They are from photographs taken by Mr. W. G. Cooper, Barbadoes.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT COMBERMERE

COMBERMERE ABBEY is pleasantly situated in a fine open country, is built on the site of an old Cistercian Monastery, founded by Hugh de Maubane, the Norman Baron of Nantwich, about 750 years ago, and which remained in the hands of the Benedictine monks undisturbed for 400 years.

The present building, which is quite modern, is a spacious stone structure, in the Pointed Gothic style of architecture, and stands on the banks of a beautiful mere, in an extensive park, which is sufficiently undulating to make it picturesque, amongst the fine trees being one known as the "Wellington Oak," having been planted by the Iron Duke when on a visit to his old friend and companion in arms. The Entrance Hall, which projects from the main building, was erected about forty years since by the father of the present Viscount Combermere. It contains a variety of implements of war, chiefly taken by the late Viscount during his Indian campaign, besides some fine specimens of carved oak chests and screens.

The Library is a room of large dimensions, and is supposed to have been adapted from the refectory—the ancient roof being still in existence. Over the white marble fireplace, and forming one of the panels, is a Portrait of Henry VIII., from whom Sir George Colton received the Abbey as a grant about the year 1135.

The rich and elaborate oak carving, now almost black, is doubtless of very ancient date. On the upper part of the walls, and adjoining the ceiling, on carved oak shields, are the quarterings of the Cotton Family, from the time of King John. The Library contains 7,000 volumes, together with a large collection of old china of great worth; and upon the walls are a number of old family portraits.

The Abbey is within easy distance of the meets of the Cheshire, North Staffordshire, Sir Watkin Wynn's, and North Shropshire Hounds, with some of which Her Imperial Majesty has already had enjoyable runs. Our views are from photographs by T. R. Cross, 56, Bargeat, Whitechurch.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE's New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 161.

LIFE IN EGYPT

WE have already illustrated one of the most characteristic features of Egyptian life, an Egyptian lady bestriding the ever-useful donkey, and now depict another equally familiar to travellers who have ventured outside the walls of Cairo or Alexandria—the travelling Bedouin and his dromedary. The hardy endurance and fleetness of these eminently ill-tempered animals has been descanted upon by all writers on the East, and certainly no animal is more fitted by nature to cross the huge arid tracts of sand which the nomad Bedouin traverses so constantly in the course of his wanderings. Ungainly as the dromedary is, he becomes exceedingly picturesque when mounted by his rider, clad in a flowing burnouse, and carrying the long inlaid gun which, despite all modern improvements, is still the Arab's favourite weapon. With an European on his back the dromedary becomes a simple caricature—the *gibour* looking as much out of place as he would if bestriding the buffalo on which the little Arab boy is so gracefully reclining. The buffalo is a capital draught animal, is exceedingly powerful, is as patient and good-natured as the camel is vicious, and is as valuable to the Fellah or village Arab as the dromedary to his nomad brother, the Bedouin. Our third illustration represents the daily drive of Egyptian Princesses, in a closely covered carriage, and carefully guarded by a detachment of troops, lest the eyes of the unbelievers should take

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY. LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

MONDAY, February 20, Balfe's BOHEMIAN GIRL. Tuesday, February 21, Wagner's FLYING DUTCHMAN; ASH WEDNESDAY, NO PERFORMANCE; Thursday, February 23, Wagner's TANNHAUSER, with entirely new Scenery, Costumes, and Properties; Friday, February 24, Gounod's FAUST; Saturday Morning, February 25, at 2, Wagner's TANNHAUSER; Saturday Evening, February 25, at 8, Bizet's CARMEN.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. AGES AGO, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay. Last week "OUT OF TOWN," a Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with "NO. 204," by F. C. Burnand and German Reed. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1*s.* to 5*s.* No fee. Monday, February 27th, first time of "THE HEAD OF THE FLOOD," a new Entertainment in two parts, by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.—THE SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. Open from 10 till 6. Admission 1*s.* Catalogue 6*d.* Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL. First Concert SATURDAY EVENING, February 25. Miss Mary Davies and Mr. Santley, Miss Margaret Gyde (her first appearance), and M. Sainton. Band of Seventy. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Subscription to Three Concerts, One Guinea. Tickets at Popular Prices, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* and 1*s.* Stanley Lucas, Weber, and CO., 84, New Bond Street, usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY THE OLD MASTERS AND DECEASED MASTERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOLS IS NOW OPEN. Admission (from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.), 1*s.* Catalogue 6*d.*, or bound in cloth with pencil, 1*s.* Season Ticket, 5*s.* At Dusk the Galleries are lighted by the ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery NOW OPEN from 10 till 6, with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, 5*s.*

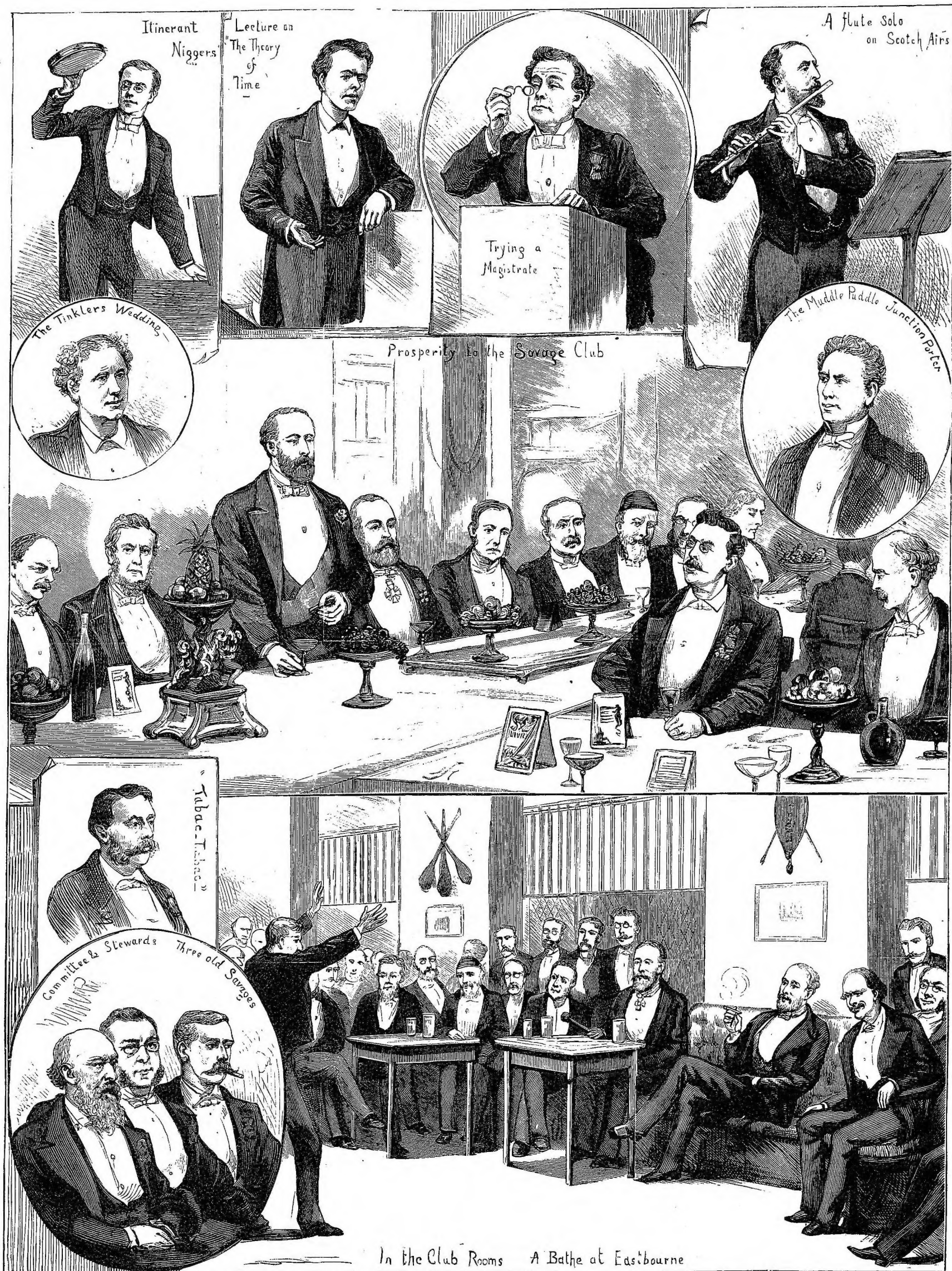
DORES GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.
NOW ON VIEW. RORKE'S DRIFT, BY A. DE NEUVILLE,
An exceedingly fine Etching. Just published.
Also BIONDINA, BY SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

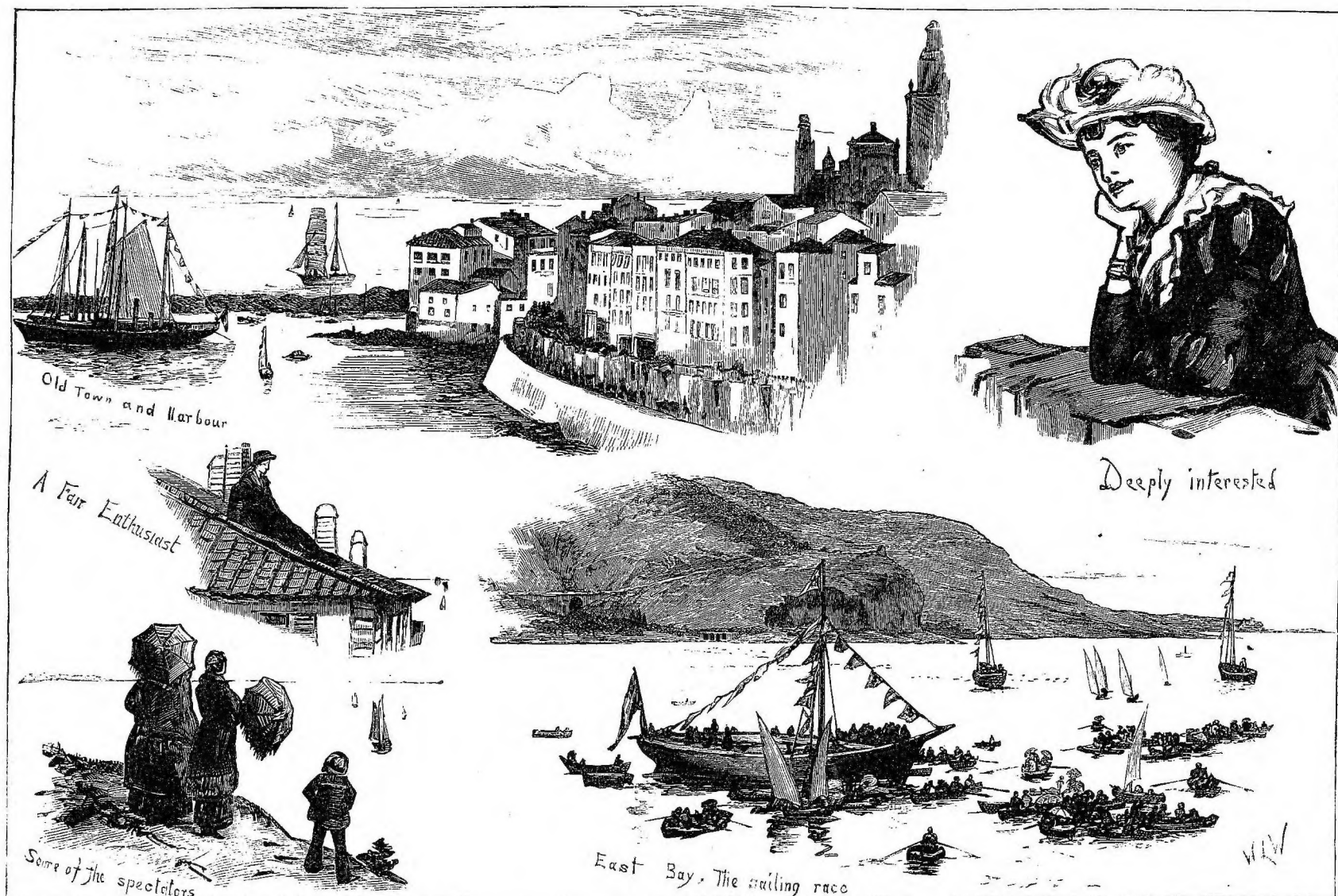
BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10*s.*
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THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the Pullman Car Trains.

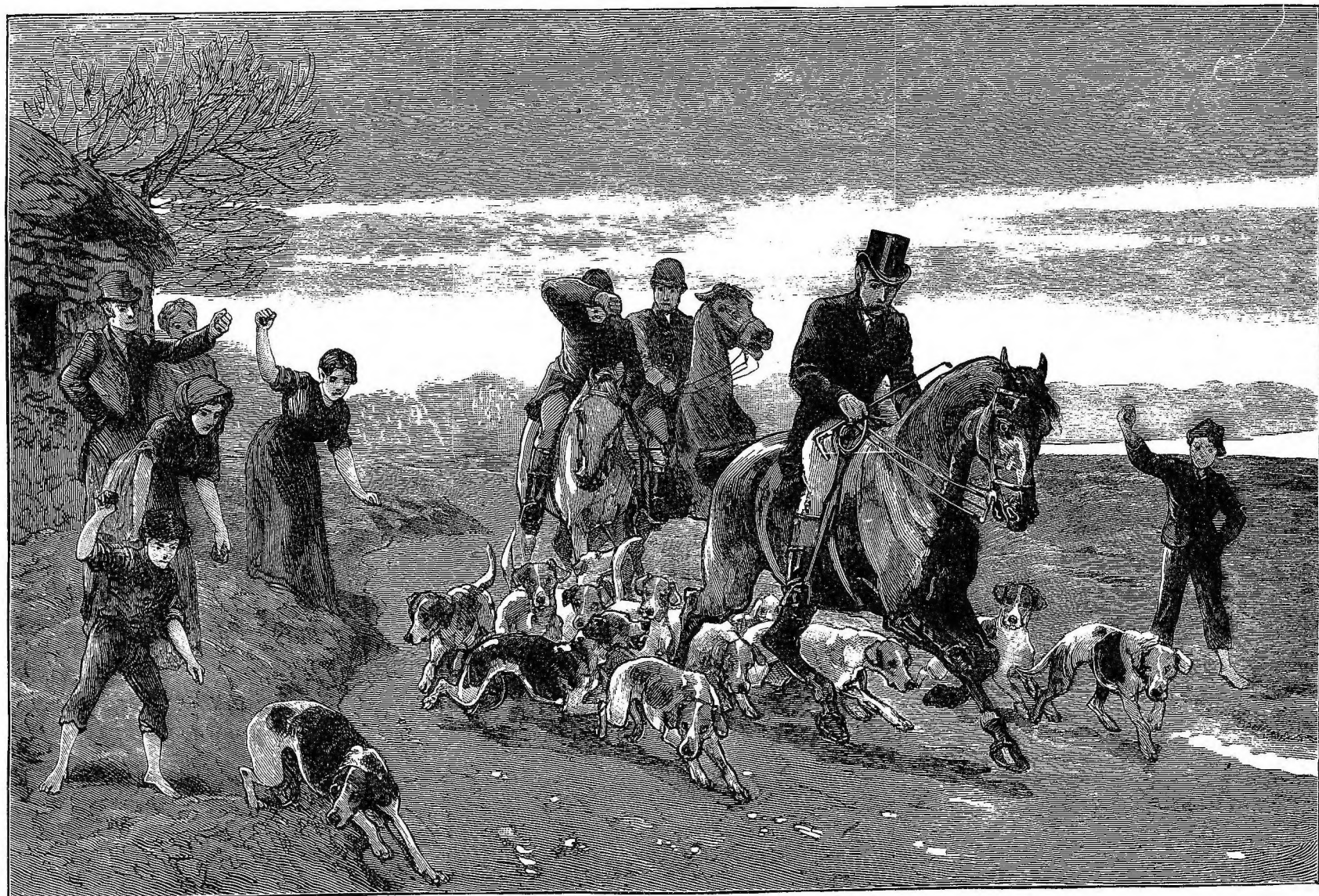
TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Company Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SAVAGE CLUB



NOTES AT MENTONE DURING THE RECENT FOREIGNERS' FETE



THE CONDITION OF IRELAND—"THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING"

undue liberties with those of the fair "Khanoums," which, at the approach of a handsome Frank *effendi*, despite all precautions, are apt to twinkle merrily out of the apertures in the *yashmaks*. Our engravings are from photographs by P. Sebah, Cairo.

"THROUGH SIBERIA"

See page 163.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—VIII.

THE *Ceylon* reached Smyrna on Saturday, December 10th. Here Greeks and Levantines preponderate over the Turks, yet the bazaars present a perfect picture of an Oriental town. Here for the first time during their voyage the passengers saw camels passing with their solemn stride through the narrow streets, being led by a man on a donkey. One of the zebebs, who were swaggering about in their picturesque costume, was induced to display his arms to some of the *Ceylon* party. This he did with mingled shyness and pride. The zebebs have a very Bashi-Bazouk appearance, and possibly supply an occasional recruit to the brigands, though the most pestilent members of that felonious force are said to be Greeks, who, if they can elude the vigilance of the authorities, retire into private life with their ill-gotten gains. Most of the streets in Smyrna are very narrow, and, when the camels are coming, you have to squeeze yourself, or are squeezed, flat against the wall. The pariah dogs are chartered libertines. Short of stealing they may do almost anything they please. As they lie in the streets asleep, the Turks step carefully over them. They are never kicked. In the matter of the treatment of animals the benighted Moslem affords a wholesome contrast to the brutal and nominally Christian Frank. The only time our artist saw a hand raised against a dog, the event seemed so exceptional that he made a sketch of it.

The correspondent of the *Sportsman* gives an amusing account of the passengers' trip to Ephesus. They went thither from Smyrna by special train, and there was no small fear of possible brigands, but, though several innocent goat-herds were vehemently suspected, none appeared, owing, says he, "to our determined appearance and elegant horsemanship." The steeds on which they rode from Ephesus to the ruins "were like the hackney cab-horses Leech used to draw, so fine were their lines, and so sharp were their bones. Their harness consisted of antique Turkish saddles, bridles with reins of string, and everything patched and mended beyond description." The ruins are extensive, but little is left of them, except bits of walls, and an arcade which once faced a quay, but is now, owing to the retirement of the sea, left miles inland. Some of the pillars of the aqueduct are still standing, but the arches are broken. They are two miles distant from the other ruins, and on them storks have built their nests.—A telegram in the *Daily News* states that the *Ceylon* reached Singapore on February 6, and was to leave for Manila on the 9th.

THE ROLLS' HOUSE AND PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

As we walk down Fetter Lane it is impossible not to notice a vast structure of stone, with a solid square tower in the centre. Although adorned with traceried parapets and many a pinnacle or turret, its architecture is somewhat gloomy, the deep-set windows and heavy buttresses rather suggesting the idea of a fortress or arsenal. Its purposes, however, are in no way connected with the art of war. Within this very substantial edifice are deposited the "Rolls," or Public Records of Great Britain. Documents of every age, from William the Conqueror to Victoria, are here to be found—some of vast historical importance—Treaties, Papal Bulls, Coronation Oaths, Ancient Charters, granting freedom from oppression to some town or city, now memorable in the pages of our national annals, down to the "little bill" for supplying the pastry for His Majesty's lunch. The handwriting of every monarch who has sat upon the English throne, together with many of their private letters, can here be seen. "Domesday Book" is of course one of the lions of the place. This magnificent old record consists of two volumes, one folio and the other quarto. It contains the description written at the command of William I., when holding his Court at Gloucester, in 1085, of the divisions of landed property, woods, mines, fisheries, &c. This wonderful survey seems to have been completed and written out in about six months, as it was finished in July, 1086. It is beautifully written on parchment, the colour of which has changed little, and the ink is bright and clear, though this venerable manuscript is eight centuries old! The binding of Domesday Book is quite modern; two older bindings, however, are preserved, one of which probably dates from the time of Elizabeth, as it is adorned with the Tudor rose.

A little charter, written by Richard I., is another literary curiosity. It is difficult to believe that the same hand which could cut a man in half with a single stroke of the battle-axe could have inscribed this exquisitely delicate piece of penmanship. Nor were the ladies of this early period mean scribes, for a little document, written by the Empress Matilda, is a charming example of the "art of handwriting." Of a later time we find many splendid records, amongst others, "The Golden Bull" (probably so called on account of its seal of gold, designed by Benvenuto Cellini), which granted to Henry VIII. the title of "Defender of the Faith." The richly-illustrated Treaties of 1525 and 1527 between Francis I. and Henry VIII., are also here, the latter of these has a magnificent gold seal, and has been often wrongly described as the Treaty of "the Cloth of Gold."

Amongst the modern documents, the Queen's Coronation Oath will naturally attract attention, especially the signature, which, notwithstanding the youth of Her Majesty at the time and the trying nature of the ceremonial, is firm and distinct, and does not seem to betray the slightest nervousness.

Adjoining the Record Office is the Rolls House, formerly the residence of the Master of the Rolls. The chief object of interest is the chapel, the walls of which formed a church for converted Jews, erected in the thirteenth century. Edward III. made it over to the Master of the Rolls. The building, however, has been so altered and modernised that it retains no feature of its original architecture. The windows contain some fine heraldic glass, amongst others the arms of Robert Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Harbottle Grimston (1683). The Masters of the Rolls were formerly buried here. The earliest monument is that to the memory of Dr. John Young, 1514. Dr. Young was the last ecclesiastic who held the office of Master of the Rolls in this country. The monument, which is a beautiful example of Italian Renaissance, is by Torrigiano. The figures are executed in terracotta, and are probably the only examples of the kind in this country.

There are two other fine monuments—one to the Allington family, dating from the time of Elizabeth, and the other to Baron Bruce of Kinloss (1610), the crafty friend of James I. A tablet records the virtues of Sir John Trevor, 1517. This "worthy" was Speaker of the House of Commons, but was deprived of that office for receiving a bribe, notwithstanding which he was made Master of the Rolls.

Before the building of the New Record Office some of the records were kept in this chapel, others at the Tower, the Chapter House at Westminster, and an office in Carlton Ride. It was often difficult to find any document which was required, and "searchers" had to be employed at great cost to the unfortunate historical scholar or writer. Now, however, this is all changed.

* It is presumed that "Domesday" is a corruption of "Domus Dei"—the name of the Chamber at Gloucester where this book used to be kept. If, as is very probable, the Italian pronunciation of Latin was the rule in England before the Reformation, the word "Domus Dei" would sound very like "Domesday."

The records are arranged and catalogued, and upon application in the proper manner any one can consult these valuable documents free of all cost, and every facility is offered for transcribing or taking notes of their contents. We believe that this is the only national Record Office in Europe where this is the case, and England may be proud of having set such a good example.

H. W. BREWER

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

A SPECIAL interest attaches to the portraits of the men who have won the three first places in this famous intellectual contest, because this is the last Tripos of the old system. Heretofore the candidates for mathematical honours at Cambridge presented themselves, at the end of December, after three years and one term of residence, for the first part of the Mathematical Tripos Examination. Those whose names appeared in the preliminary class-lists, in alphabetical order, were allowed to compete in the higher examination, which took place after a short interval; and their marks ultimately formed part of the grand total. The candidates at the final examination in January appeared in the class-list in these classes, each in order of merit—namely the Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes. The new arrangement will be as follows: After nine terms of residence, candidates will, in June, offer themselves for the first preliminary examination. Those who pass the standard may, a few weeks later, go in for the second part of the Tripos, in which they are examined upon higher subjects, chiefly pure mathematics.

The class list will be in order of merit, and a Senior Wrangler will appear in its front, but he will be a Senior Wrangler without the stamp of finality. Six months afterwards the third and last examination will be held, in which laurels may be won in each subject or group of subjects separately, without favour or prejudice to the others. Here the examiners will arrange the candidates in classes, and in alphabetical order in each class. Thus the second examination will test the students' general proficiency, while those of them who go on to the third will emerge as specialists in pure mathematics, astronomy, physics, or heat and electricity. Thus the Senior Wrangler will be the best man up to a certain point, but he will not necessarily be the best man on the whole. To dispute that honour with him is open to any rival who obtains a first-class in the special examination.

We borrow the above particulars from an interesting leader in *The Times* of the 28th ult.

MR. ROBERT ALFRED HERMAN, Scholar of Trinity College, the Senior Wrangler, is a son of Mr. R. M. Herman, of Bath, in which city he was born in 1861. He was educated at King Edward's School, Bath. In 1876 he was placed second in the first class in the Oxford Local Examinations for Junior Candidates. In the following year he competed for an open Scholarship at Queen's College, Cambridge, and was successful, but he did not enter at that College, as in Easter, 1878, he was elected, after open competition, a Scholar of Trinity, and commenced residence in the Michaelmas term of that year. He is a member of the University of London, and was placed first at the Matriculation Examination of that University in 1877, and in July, 1878, he passed the First B.A. Examination at London University, obtaining the distinction of second place for proficiency in mathematics. During his residence at Cambridge he obtained a first class at each of the annual college examinations. Mr. H. M. Taylor was his college tutor. His private tutor was Mr. E. J. Routh, M.A., F.R.S., of St. Peter's College.

MR. JOHN SHAPLAND YEO, Scholar of St. John's, the Second Wrangler, is a son of the late Mr. John Yeo, of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, and was born in 1860. He received his primary education at Blundell's School, Tiverton, under Mr. A. L. Francis, the Rev. R. Duckworth being the mathematical master. In 1878 he was awarded an open Minor Scholarship at St. John's College of the value of 70*l.* a year, and in the same year was elected to the Hush Exhibition of 50*l.*, open to scholars from Sherborne, Taunton, Exeter, and Tiverton Schools. In June, 1880, he was elected a Foundation Scholar of St. John's. At the college examinations in each year of his residence he has obtained the first place. He was awarded the Hughes Prize, Sir John Herschel's Prize for Astronomy, and the Wright Prize. His college tutor was Mr. J. E. Sandys; his private tutor, Mr. R. R. Webb, M.A., Fellow of St. John's.

MR. SIDNEY LUXTON LONEY, of Sidney-Sussex College, eldest son of Mr. Loney, of South Norwood, was born at Tiverton, in March, 1860. He was educated at the Grammar School, Maidstone, and Tonbridge School, Mr. Hilary, of St. John's, being mathematical master at the latter. He gained an open scholarship at Tonbridge, and in April, 1878, gained a Scholarship at Sidney-Sussex College and also at St. John's College. In January, 1879, he matriculated at the University of London, and in the following July obtained first-class mathematical honours at the first B.A. examination. In June, 1880, he obtained a Senior Taylor Scholarship at Sidney-Sussex College, besides college prizes each year. Private tutor, Mr. Routh.—Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Herman and Mr. Loney by Hills and Saunders, Cambridge; and Mr. Yeo by T. Stearn, 72, Bridge Street, Cambridge.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

"MOOSE CREEPING." Having satisfied himself that the track is fresh, and that there is a chance of coming up with the animal, the Indian guides the sportsman silently through the forest, following the track. He leads him over hill and dale, over frozen swamp and stream. With luck the moose is found that day, but often after a long day's work the track has to be again followed on the morrow. The Indian has a wonderful capacity for striking a straight line for camp on turning homewards, without a compass, no matter how roundabout the moose may have led him. The Indian in the sketch is testing the ice on a partly frozen stream.

"Head of a Moose."—This is engraved from a photograph sent us by Major Norcott, and depicts the head of a moose shot last year by an Indian. From tip to tip of the horns it measured 5*ft.* 6 in.

"The Evening Pipe." The base of the wigwam is square, and each side is composed of three logs laid one on the other, forming a wall about three feet high. From each of the four corners stout poles run upwards, meeting in an apex. Between these are thinner poles, forming a sort of skeleton wigwam. Sheets of birch bark are then laid over these, and kept flat by stout poles laid over them. All interstices are filled up with moss. One of the Indians in the sketch is telling yarns of moose hunting while his comrade is preparing tea.—Our engravings are from sketches by Major W. Norcott, 1st Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers, Halifax, N.S.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA IN BRITISH BURMAH

THE recent visit of the Viceroy to Rangoon was hailed with much enthusiasm by the denizens of British Burmah, not only on account of the pleasurable excitement of the State pageants which would naturally ensue, but for a much more material reason. It was hoped that the Viceroy would make some inquiries into the relations of British Burmah with the King of Burmah proper, who of late has been not simply confining his freaks to massacring his own subjects, and perpetrating disgraceful orgies in his own palace, but has been setting certain treaties utterly at naught, and creating Royal monopolies contrary to international stipulations, and which have considerably injured the trade of British Burmah. Lord Ripon fulfilled this expectation, received various deputations on the subject, and on his return to Calcutta despatched a peremptory note to King Theebaw, which will probably have a salutary effect upon His Majesty's advisers if not upon His Majesty himself.

To turn to the subject of our illustrations. The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon landed at Rangoon on December 20th last, from the I.G.S. *Tenasserim*, under a salute of thirty-one guns fired by the Rangoon Volunteer Artillery, the ships on the Irrawaddy and many of the buildings on shore being decorated with all the available bunting in the province. After landing, and receiving the inevitable municipal address, their Excellencies proceeded slowly to Government House along the Strand and through the principal Chinese quarter. Triumphant arches were erected along the route of the procession by the various and many tongued nationalities which inhabit Rangoon, each after their own peculiar fashion; those testifying to the loyalty of the Burmese, Mogul, and the Fookien and Canton Chinese being especially gorgeous. The two last named were long arcades lined on each side by the principal merchants in their holiday robes. The last arch passed by the Viceregal procession was at the entrance to the Lady's mile; it was a castellated erection of bamboo and canvas, and looked worthy of a moat and portcullis.

Of our other illustrations the Soolay Pagoda is a small but well-proportioned structure in the centre of the city. Near it is the Town Hall, built, not by the city, but by an enterprising resident as a private speculation. The Mahomedan Mosque is in Mogul Street, and is a handsome brick structure, built at various times by the subscriptions of True Believers, who form a larger proportion of the Kulla or foreign population.—Our illustrations of the arches and the pagoda are from photographs taken by Mr. J. Jackson, of Rangoon; that of the steamboat is from a sketch by Monny Chit Sway.



PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.—The proposed New Rules have excited an immense amount of adverse criticism, to which as yet there has been little or no reply. It may be that some objectors have put a wrong interpretation upon the arithmetical puzzle contained in the first resolution, but if its meaning is what it seems to be, Mr. Gladstone will probably have considerable difficulty in persuading the House to accept it. Meanwhile, the National Liberal Federation has issued a circular to its various branches throughout the country calling upon them to express at once and in the strongest manner their determination that the whole strength of the Liberal party shall be put forth in support of the Government in this crisis. A large number of local Liberal Associations have held meetings and adopted resolutions in favour of the proposed rules. The *Pall Mall Gazette* cites "Hansard" in proof that, two years ago, Sir Stafford Northcote was in favour of the cloture, but judging from his speech at Tooting on Wednesday, he is scarcely of the same opinion now. Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Miners' National Union, has issued a circular condemning the cloture as a most objectionable and dangerous power, which is certain to be sooner or later abused by any body of men in whose hands it may be placed.

MR. BRADLAUGH on Friday addressed his constituents at Northampton, who received him with enthusiasm, and passed resolutions approving of his "admirable conduct" in the House on the previous Tuesday, expressing their unabated confidence in him; and declaring their conviction that he has a perfect right to take his seat as the law now stands. On Sunday he spoke at the Hall of Science, London, and declared that the House of Commons had ignored the law in order to prevent his sitting, which, however, he intended to do this Session, unless both Houses passed a Bill of Attainder, depriving him of his civil rights. How and when he should do so he declined to say; what he proposed to do was so serious and so grave, that he would first try every other means, and in those he might be repulsed, but in the final course he could not be. The Marquis of Queensberry, in declining to attend a meeting of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters at Plymouth, says that he does not see the use of banging his head against a brick wall, which is so rotten that it must soon fall of its own accord. His warmest sympathies are in favour of the abolition of the oath, which he looks upon as already gone. There will be a row no doubt, but that Mr. Bradlaugh will take his seat is a foregone conclusion.

THE RELIEF OF LOCAL TAXATION.—It is stated that the Government scheme for the relief of local taxation is the proposed cession from the Imperial revenues of the gun, game, and dog licenses, together with the duties on servants, carriages, and armorial bearings, the aggregate product of which amounts to about 1,300,000*l.* annually.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL CONTROVERSY goes merrily on, the new disputants on the alarmist side being the Duke of Cambridge and General Lord Chelmsford, whilst Sir Andrew Clarke and Sir John Adye have declared themselves in favour of it, the last mentioned gentleman having taken the precaution of personally inspecting the half-mile of boring already perfected from Dover Cliff before expressing an opinion. The *Law Journal*, examining the legal aspect of the question, points out that the Territorial Waters Act (1878) applies only to jurisdiction on the sea, not to land under the sea, and argues that any constructive possession of such land under the three-mile rule, must give way to actual possession by a tunnel bored from a foreign shore. So that a French company might come right across to us beneath the sea, and (under the Naturalisation Act) purchase and hold land for the British end of their tunnel!

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—The Metropolitan Board of Works have addressed a circular letter to all the vestries and district boards, asking for information concerning the works and improvements effected in their respective areas up to March last, so that when the proposed changes are brought before Parliament the Board may supply it with data to enable it to judge of the efficiency of the present system.—The Court of Common Council were to hold a meeting on Thursday at which alternative methods of dealing with the matter were to be proposed, Sir F. W. Truscott suggesting that the announcement in the Queen's Speech should be referred to a special committee; Mr. Johnson that the Government Bill, when introduced, should be so referred; and Sir J. Bennett that a ward committee should be appointed to consider the best means of dealing with the impending legislation.

ELECTION NEWS.—As was anticipated, Lord Algernon Percy was on Friday last returned for Westminster without opposition; the Liberals preserving a discreet silence as to their reasons for not contesting such an important seat. His lordship took his seat in the House the same evening, and next day he and Mr. W. H. Smith addressed a meeting of their constituents at St. James's Hall, calling attention to the "un-English" character of the proposed cloture, and to Mr. Gladstone's bid for the Irish vote in his ambiguous reference to the subject of Home Rule on the Thursday.—At Taunton Mr. S. C. Ailsopp (C.) and Viscount Kilcoursie (L.) have been put in nomination, and the polling was to take place on Thursday. The Liberal candidate is a son of the Earl of Cavan, who, being a Conservative, has issued an announcement of the fact, lest through personal regard, any should be misled to vote for his son, whose Radical or Liberal principles aim, he thinks, at nothing less than the pulling down of the very bulwarks of the British Constitution.—At Malmesbury Colonel Miles (C.) is already in the field as a candidate, for the seat vacated by the presumed death of Mr. Powell, although no writ has yet been issued.

for the election.—In the county of Meath, vacant by the resignation of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the Roman Catholic clergy have held a meeting, and adopted resolutions declaring it to be the cordial wish of the people that the county should be represented by the "farmers' illustrious benefactor" Michael Davitt; but as he is not in a position to accept such a trust, they, in deference to the wishes and feelings of their flocks recommend Mr. Patrick Egan as the most eligible candidate. It is said that Mr. Egan will probably be returned without opposition.

THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN RUSSIA.—About 350 Jewish refugees, men, women, and children, who had escaped over the Russian frontier, arrived on Friday last at Liverpool from Hamburg, and on Saturday sailed thence in the American steamer *Illinois* for New York. They were received and cared for by the Liverpool representatives of the Anglo-Jewish Association, and were interviewed by newspaper correspondents, to whom they gave particulars of the brutal treatment to which they and other Jews had been subjected, forty-two of them declaring that they had been eye-witnesses of acts of murder and outrage upon women. As the *Illinois* started on the voyage they gave loud cheers for the Queen of England and for the Committee who had ministered to their comfort.—Several additional meetings of sympathy have been held in various parts of the country during the week. On Wednesday the Mansion House Relief Fund amounted to 48,000*l.* The suggestion having been made to Lord Shaftesbury that if one or two English Jews were elevated to the peerage their protests might have greater effect on the Russian Government, his lordship has replied that he has long desired to see such men as Sir Moses Montefiore in the House of Lords.

H.M.S. "BANTERER" was on Saturday unexpectedly towed into Devonport with her keel and bottom stripped of copper, her propeller and propeller frame destroyed, and four holes in her starboard side temporarily stopped by collision mats. She is in a worse condition than was the *Merlin*, which a few weeks ago, with the same captain and crew, ran on a reef of rocks off the Galway coast, and was beached in a sinking condition. Captain Grant, who was then tried by court martial and acquitted, will now have to appear again before an Admiralty Court of Inquiry.

A FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION of a very remarkable character took place at the Coedrae Colliery, Rhondda Valley, on Saturday night. The miners left work early, in order that some changes might be made in the engine-gear by which the ventilating fan was worked. While this was being done, two men named Warlow and Thomas (without orders, and against the rules) descended the down-cast shaft to clean some part of the machinery at a depth of forty feet. They took with them naked paraffin lamps, and they paid the penalty of their recklessness with their lives, for by some means the cage on which they worked took fire, and they were burnt to death. A crowd soon collected at the pit's mouth, and three men were just about to descend to put out the flames, when they and a fourth man, who was on the bank, were killed by a violent explosion, which also scattered the bystanders in all directions, blowing some of them a distance of forty yards. A man named Davis had a marvellous escape, being blown into the pit, and alighting on a cross beam 15 yards down, from whence he subsequently climbed up one of the greasy wire ropes to the surface. Great damage was done to the gear of the colliery, and a great number of valuable horses were destroyed.

A NOVEL COMPRESSED AIR LOCOMOTIVE, called the *MékarSKI* Automobile car, is about to be tried on the Caledonian Road line of the London Street Tramways Company.

THE MEDICAL DEFENCE ASSOCIATION held its first meeting on Tuesday, and adopted resolutions asking for the assistance of the public in detecting and exposing the impostures practised on the poor by unqualified medical and surgical practitioners.

SMEATON'S EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, some account of which will be found on page 166, having now been superseded by the newly-erected structure, it is proposed that it shall be taken down and re-erected on the Hoe, at Plymouth, where an effort is being made to form a company for the purpose, the shareholders in which would look for their profits out of the fees to be charged for admission.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—Aldershot and Portsmouth are already contending for the privilege of being selected as the site for the annual Volunteer demonstration at Easter. At Brighton the Local Review Committee have decided not to invite the Volunteers, but the townsfolk disapprove of their action, and are signing a requisition to the Mayor to hold a public meeting for the reconsideration of the matter.



THE debate on the Address has this Session been finished in less than half the time that was found necessary last year. Then the endless chain of talk ran over eleven nights, this year six have sufficed at least equally well for the purpose. Even six is really more than the actual expenditure of time, for the first night cannot fairly be allotted to the task, seeing that it was nearly eleven o'clock before the debate was reached, and only the ceremonial part of the task was performed. Moreover, and this is a matter to be dwelt upon with fuller pleasure, Tuesday night was not altogether taken up with the debate, which came to a surprising termination whilst members were innocently dining.

The debate throughout will not compare with that of last Session in the matter of general interest. The imprisonment of Mr. Parnell eclipsed the gaiety of Mr. Biggar, and that gentleman has so far confined himself to monosyllabic interruptions which it has been irreverently said are reminiscent of places where pigs most do congregate. Mr. Biggar is a constant attendant at debate, and never fails to be present when Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, or any other member of Government is addressing the House. His latest Parliamentary manner is to sit with his legs crossed, his left hand under his elbow, whilst the fingers of his long lean right hand toy with his cheek. In this comfortable posture he cries "Oh!" to Mr. Forster, "Ah!" to Mr. Gladstone, and "No, no!" to anybody else who may state facts distasteful to his political convictions.

Some other members of the Irish political party are more fluent, and introduce something more of variety into their speeches. Close upon midnight, for example, Mr. Gray rose, apparently it was understood, with intention to offer a few remarks on a somewhat verbose speech from Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the necessity of which did not appear to those who accept the Ministerial declaration that they desire to save the time of Parliament. Why Mr. Shaw Lefevre should be permitted to occupy an hour and a half in saying over again, but in not quite so lively a manner, what Mr. Chamberlain had a few hours earlier in the same sitting put forward, is not on the face of it clear. Certainly it gives some colour to the representation of the Irish Members that they are not wholly responsible for waste of time. Since the First Commissioner had thus sinned Mr. Gray may claim freedom from reproach if he thereafter talked for nearly two hours. He has also the plea that his interposition partook of the character of the self-denying

ordinance, seeing that his selection of this hour for his interposition placed him in the position in which he had no audience either inside the House or outside. Members naturally could not be induced to remain out of their beds to hear Mr. Gray discourse at large in the earliest hour of the morning; whilst it was physically impossible that his speech should be reported at any length, even if there were any inclination on the part of newspapers to devote their space to his remarks.

The explanation current of this remarkable incident has some colour about it. Mr. Gray, it is well known, is proprietor of an important Dublin journal. It is said he had intended to speak earlier in the sitting, and that his remarks were already in type and formed an important part of the Parliamentary report of the *Freeman's Journal* of the next day. With the remembrance fresh in his mind of the calamity which a few years ago befel an Irish member who had sent his speech to the Dublin papers, was prevented from delivering it, but nevertheless found it in type the next morning, plentifully interspersed with cheers, "hear, hears," and laughter, Mr. Gray felt bound to deliver his speech at whatever hour in the morning it might be. So he went on to the bitter end with half-a-dozen members dozing in different parts of the House, and the Speaker painfully awake in his chair.

The debate from the first has singularly failed in attracting the ear, either of the House or of the public. This perhaps is a necessity of its inevitable character, which has mainly consisted of fighting over again the battles already decided in the recess, with some added conflict arising out of the misrepresentations of speeches then delivered. Ministers having delivered speeches, right hon. gentlemen opposite have answered them, whereupon it is, or appears necessary for Ministers as soon as the House meets, to answer right hon. gentlemen opposite, whereupon they get up and defend what they have said, making fresh attacks, and so the thing goes on *ad infinitum*. Whether it was right or wrong to put Mr. Parnell in prison in October last, whether it was too soon or too late, are matters which to the ordinary mind seem long ago exhausted as subjects for debate. Yet we have had them all over again during the week the debate on the address has lasted, the field being gleaned with anxious care lest peradventure some ear of wheat should have been overlooked during the long campaign of the recess. That the Prime Minister should, following the leaders of the Opposition, defend the policy of the Government in Ireland, is reasonable and proper. That Mr. Forster should subsequently speak, going over the ground previously traversed by Mr. Gladstone is also a matter against which complaint may not be lodged; though such is human frailty it is impossible not to restrain a sigh over the length of the oration. But that Mr. Chamberlain should appear and retrace the steps of Mr. Forster, who had already walked in the footsteps of Mr. Gladstone, who had said over again, though in more forcible and eloquent language, everything we have been hearing and reading day after day during the last four months, seemed a little hard. But when, finally, as it providentially turned out, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre came forward, and lest Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Chamberlain should have omitted some notes of the familiar air, twanged his little harp for the space of an hour and a half—these are circumstances calculated to bring home to members the question whether parliamentary life is worth living.

That there was no more of it on Tuesday night was due entirely to the native aptitude of Irishmen for strategic movements and parliamentary surprises. The debate was resumed on Tuesday, amidst the gloomiest forebodings. It was well known that on the previous night an arrangement had been made—so far as an Irish whip can make arrangements in the name of his erratic team—that the debate should conclude on Tuesday next. This fact having been announced in the newspapers, brought up Sir Henry Wolf with an indignant protest against the right of Mr. Richard Power and Lord Richard Grosvenor to fix the Parliamentary programme. In view of the coming debate on the *Clôture* this was an adroit move on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill's lieutenant, though members visibly shuddered at the notion of any gentleman objecting to any arrangement whatsoever by which the tedious flood of talk on the debate might be stemmed. It seemed at the moment as if for the purpose of vindicating the independence of private members this arrangement must be broken through and the debate protracted. Mr. Gladstone appeared to sketch out the programme by which, if necessary, Wednesday should be further occupied with the debate, the report coming on on Thursday. When in these circumstances Mr. Sexton rose to resume the debate, members rushed off in a condition of profound melancholy, but determined at least to hear as little more as possible. It was understood that the division might take place between twelve and one, and Mr. Gladstone was to speak at half-past ten; but with a view to contingencies the whips bade members be back at eleven o'clock. Thus they set forth with a light heart, having four hours' holiday.

At eight o'clock, when Mr. Sexton made an end to his tremendous harangue, he had talked the House nearly empty, but Mr. Gladstone was in his place, and might have upheld the debate had he pleased. At one moment he seemed dangerously inclined to do so, but overcoming the temptation, the division was called, with the result that only ninety-eight Liberals and Conservatives could be whipped up to oppose Mr. McCarthy's amendment, for which thirty voted. The Address was carried by eighty-seven votes to twenty-two, and shortly after the House was counted out, members who had been dining returning in a long stream at intervals of five or ten minutes, and finding it almost impossible to believe that all was over.

The expectation that Wednesday afternoon would see the Address finally out of the House proved illusory. Sir Henry Wolf and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett raised a little conversation on foreign affairs, after which the flood-gates of Irish oratory were once more opened, and when the House rose the Attorney-General for Ireland was delivering a speech which he had plainly prepared for the debate on the first stage of the Address.

THE LEICESTER SQUARE SOUP KITCHEN AND REFUGE again appeals for assistance towards the rebuilding fund, as the present premises must be pulled down. The committee are anxious to build a larger refuge, increased accommodation of this kind being sorely needed, and if 500*l.* can be obtained within the next two months in addition to the 500*l.* already promised, the re-building will be begun this summer. Donations to be sent to the Treasurer, W. Ash, Esq., 119, Camden Road, N.W., or to the Bankers, Union Bank, Charing Cross, or Messrs. Barnett and Hoare, Lombard Street.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL DINNER OF THE WAREHOUSEMENS' AND CLERKS' SCHOOLS for orphan and necessitous children was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Wednesday evening, the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., presiding. The noble Chairman, in a telling speech, warmly advocated the claims of this benevolent institution, whose cause had in former years enlisted the eloquence of Lords Brougham and Russell, as well as the genial sympathy of Charles Dickens. In the course of the evening the inmates of the schools marched in procession round the room, and if external appearance is any criterion of a happy life, these children's lot must indeed be a pleasant one. Subscriptions were announced amounting to 2,035*l.*, and the Secretary, at the schools, near Croydon, will thankfully acknowledge any further aid on behalf of this deserving charity. The musical arrangements, which were of more than average excellence, were under the direction of Miss Ellen Horne, assisted by Madame Poole.



A RAILWAY FROM TEHRAN TO RESHT on the Caspian Sea is to be begun in July.

A MUSEUM OF COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY has been established at Berlin, in order to promote the exportation of products of German industry, and to increase importation from trans-oceanic countries.

THE PROPOSED BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL has been postponed to Thursday, March 2nd, from Tuesday last, as at first arranged. The aeronauts, Mr. Simmons and Colonel Brine, R.E., will start early in the morning from a spot near the London Chatham and Dover Railway Station at Canterbury.

THE BEST DESIGN FOR THE NATIONAL VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT has been executed by a young German sculptor, Carl Otto, who wins the first prize in the recent competition—2,400*l.* Herr Otto is now studying in Rome, where he is called "il Uondo Prussiano Carlo," and carried off the palm amongst 300 competitors.

A QUIANT HISTORICAL PROCESSION is to take place at Berne in May, representing the development of the city. Beginning with the lacustrine age, the procession will be composed of fourteen groups, foremost being the founder of the city, Berthold von Zahringen (1191); the laying of the corner stone of the Minster in 1421; the Reformation and the Peasants' War in 1653, and Berne in the present time—a tableau of national customs and costumes. Berne in the future—the year 2000—will close the catalogue.

THE CHIEF EXHIBITS AT THE SMOKE ABATEMENT EXHIBITION at South Kensington—which closed on Tuesday, after being open for two months, and being visited by 106,000 persons—are to be transferred to Manchester, where a similar collection is shortly to be inaugurated. Talking of provincial exhibitions, Bournemouth has just opened her second annual Art display, which includes some capital loans from British and foreign artists, while Worcester is planning a large Exhibition of the Arts and Industries of the county, to be opened on July 17th.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICE OF WALKING THROUGH FIRE at certain festivals still survives in Madras, and the European magistrate at North Arcot reports that two deaths occurred last year from this fanatical custom. Thus an old woman was so severely burnt that she died almost immediately, while a lad fell as he was walking through the firepit. It had been hoped that education and the advance of civilisation would have gradually extinguished the habit, but, 127 years of European rule have not changed the natives' opinions, and the Governor of Madras has been petitioned to interfere. Mr. Grant-Duff, however, does not consider the case suitable for Government action, and points out that it took centuries to eradicate the similar rite of rushing through the fires of St. John in Bohemia.

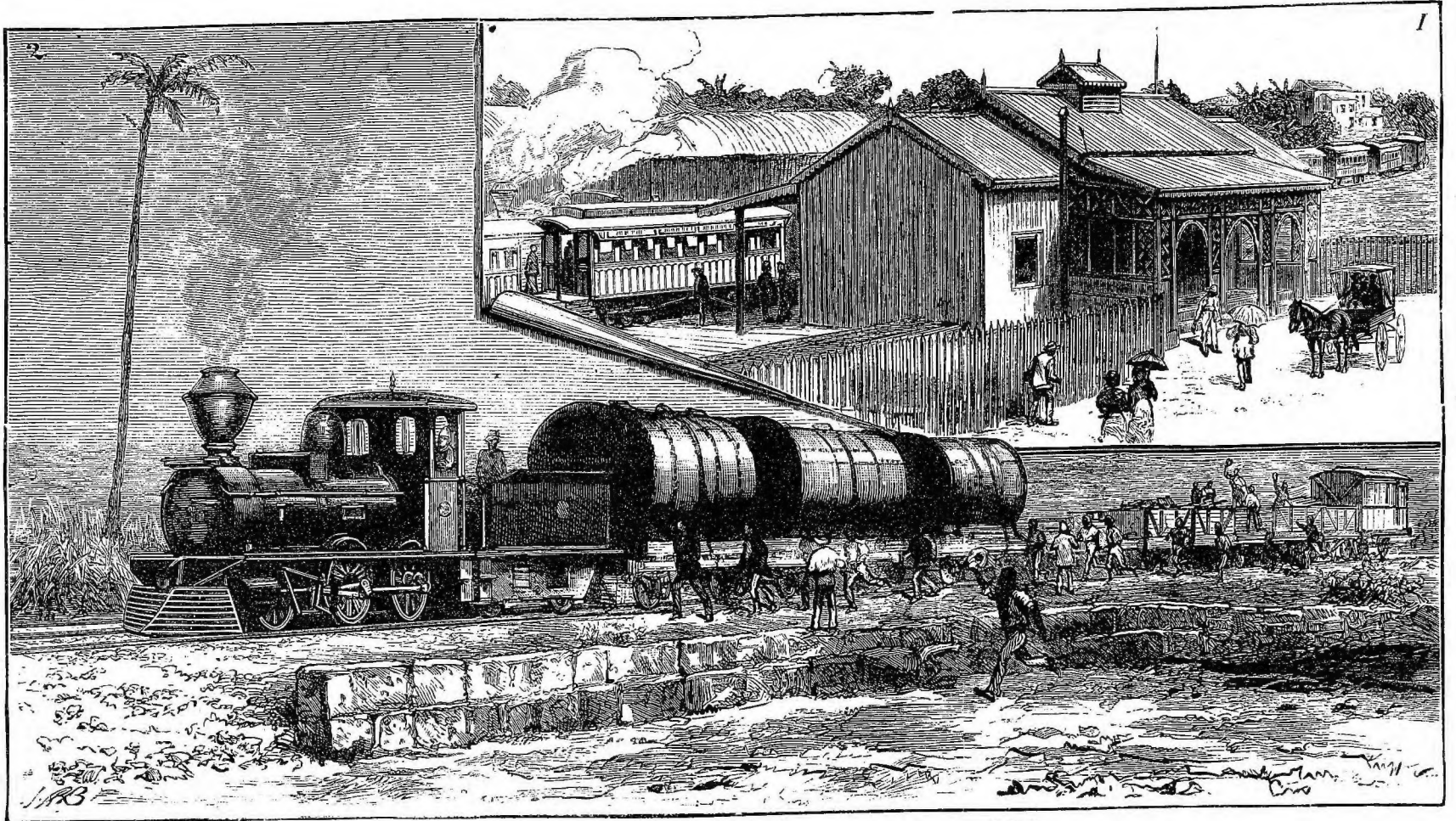
THE COMPLAINTS OF THE BRITISH WOOLLEN MANUFACTURERS respecting the preference for French goods are now echoed in their turn by Gallic cloth-makers, who lament that English-made cloth for masculine garments has entirely superseded the home-made article. Every Parisian or provincial fashionable man goes to a so-called "English tailor," and prefers the English style because it is more "chic," so that some manufacturers, to obtain any trade at all, are compelled to copy English models. Very humiliating this, for a nation who have long been accustomed to set the fashions. Another patriotic grumble across the Channel is on the score of the "Americanisation" of Paris, which is adopting Transatlantic customs of all kinds, both in social habits and in the introduction of American practical inventions.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL EXPERIMENTAL BORINGS are going on very satisfactorily in one of the shafts, Shakespeare Cliff, No. 2, which was begun about six months ago. Water is altogether absent, and the rubbish is quickly cleared away by a compressed air engine. Matters are not so successful in shaft No. 3, where water both from the sea and from springs greatly impedes the boring operations. The machinery is not able to keep the heading clear, and a more powerful engine and pumps must be used, while an attempt will be made to divert the springs. The Abbot's Cliff heading, temporarily abandoned, is also full of water, but this could be easily pumped out.

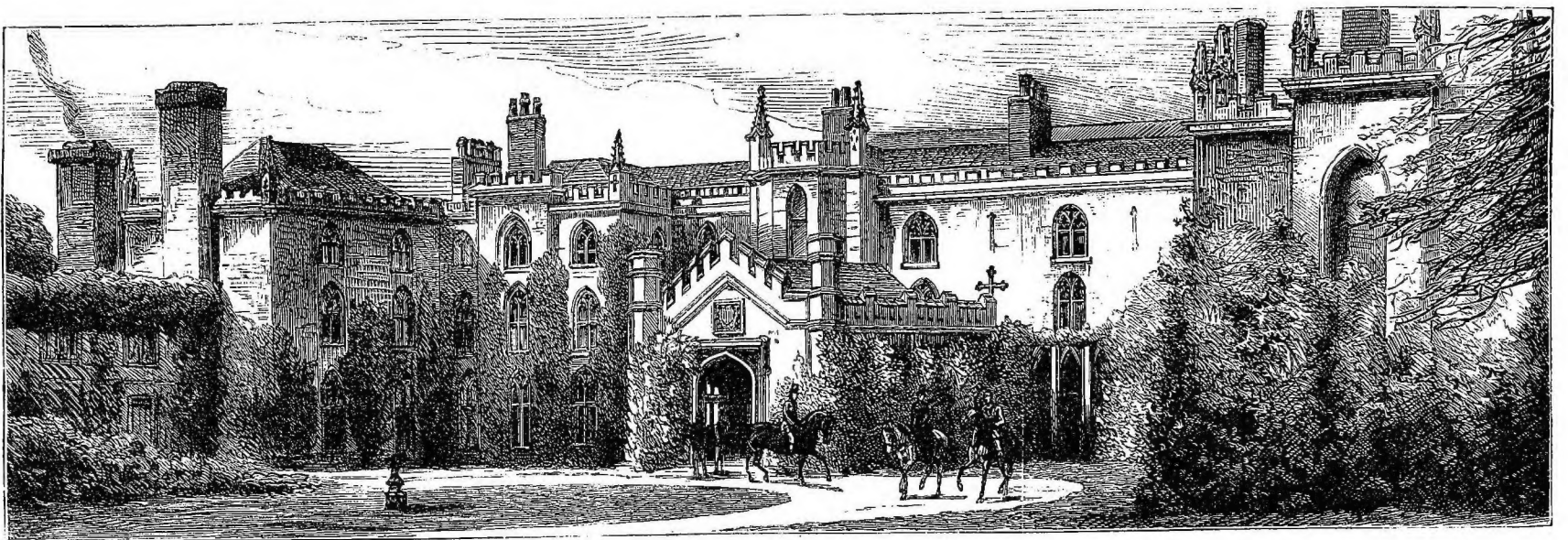
THE STATE OF AFFAIRS ON THE PANAMA CANAL WORKS is not very cheerful, to judge from accounts in the *Philadelphia Press*. A correspondent states that in January all the employees were on strike, and soldiers had been called out to protect life and property, as men perambulated the streets at night shouting threats of vengeance if they did not get increased wages. Cholera, yellow-fever, and Chagres-fever—the last so-called from the river Chagres—were most fatal, and the engineers had died by scores. The accommodation was wretched, and for a room worse than a stable with no furniture but a miserable cot, the correspondent paid 12*s.* daily. Similar accounts of sickness and delay are quoted by *Engineering*, which enumerates the deaths as 800. Two cumbersome excavators are waiting to be used, one after many difficulties having been put together by men specially imported from France, and when put on the Panama railroad being unable to go round the curves, and so remaining immovable.

COURT BALLS IN ROME are celebrated for their magnificent suppers, and many people—so says a correspondent of the *American Register*—go to the balls on purpose for a meal, having fasted that they may be able to eat the more. The great attraction is the fish, which is a luxury in Rome. At the first ball this season one gentleman, who had lately returned from supper, remarked to his friends, "Did you see those toothpicks at supper," and learning that they had not been noticed, offered to fetch one. The ball concluded, the King and Queen retired, the music stopped, and at the last moment up came the gentleman with a toothpick. It was only an excuse he had invented to get back into the supper-room. At this ball, by the bye, the programmes were particularly elaborate. They were shaped like *aumonieres*, and made of blue silk, lined with satin, embroidered in the centre with the Royal monogram and the Arms of the House of Savoy in silver. A chiselled ring attached them to the finger, and three silver tassels hung at the bottom, where they opened with a pencil. The Queen's programme was similarly made in pink and gold.

LONDON MORTALITY considerably increased last week, owing in a great measure to the dense fogs which especially affected people of advanced age. There were 2,632 deaths registered, against 2,023 during the previous seven days, a rise of 609, being 747 above the average, and at the rate of 35*·*3 per 1,000, a higher rate than any recorded since the week ending February 7, 1880. These deaths included 17 from small-pox (an increase of 4, but 16 below the average), 41 from measles (a rise of 5), 20 from scarlet fever (a decline of 1), 16 from diphtheria (a decline of 2), 261 from whooping-cough (an increase of 67), 5 from typhus fever (an increase of 3), 12 from enteric fever (a decline of 10), and 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 7). Different forms of violence caused 67 deaths, of which 62 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 10 of infants from suffocation. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 647 to 994 (an increase of 347, and 430 above the average), of which 696 were attributed to bronchitis and 185 to pneumonia. There were 2,951 births registered against 2,775 during the previous week, being 159 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38*·*1 deg., and 1*·*8 deg. below the average.



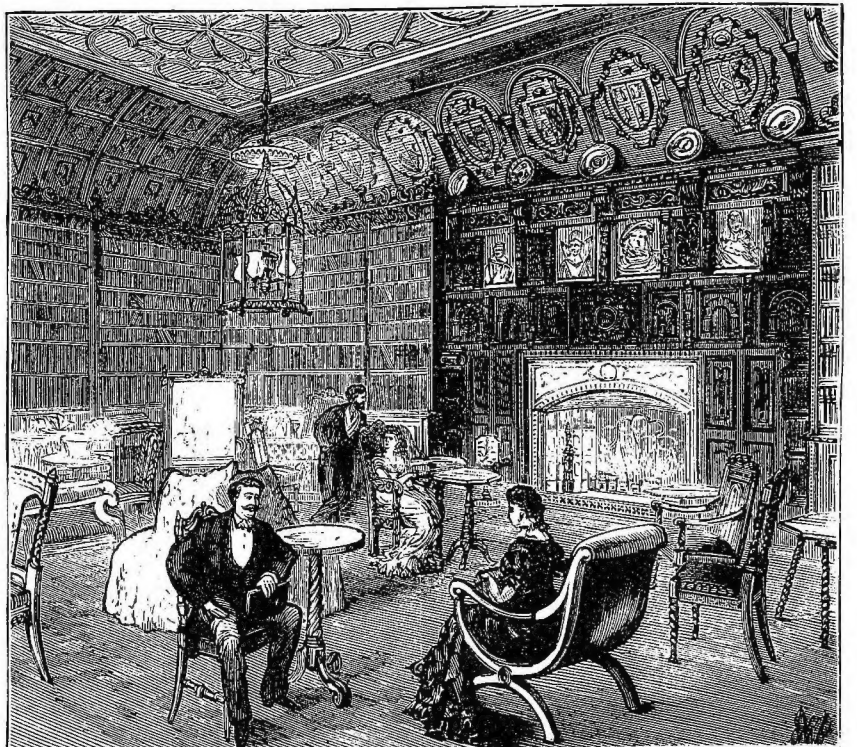
1. The Terminus at Bridgetown.—2. Arrival of the First Train at Carrington's Point.
THE NEW RAILWAY AT BARBADOES, BRITISH WEST INDIES



COMBERMERE ABBEY

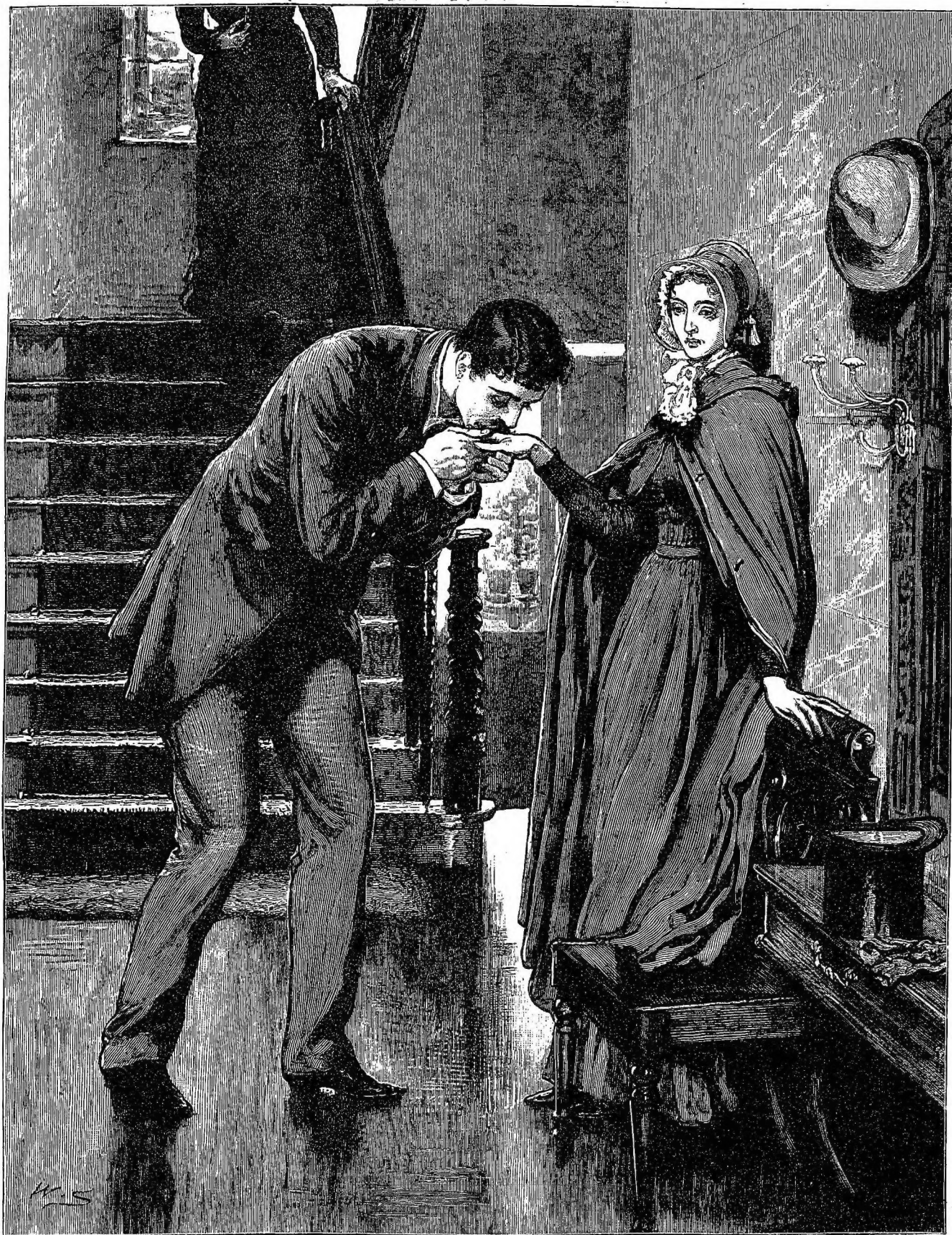


THE ARMOURY IN THE ENTRANCE HALL



THE LIBRARY

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT COMBERMERE, CHESHIRE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"You will give me your hand, Marion." She gave it to him, and he covered it with kisses.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CROCKER

HAMPSTEAD remained nearly a fortnight down at Trafford, returning to Hendon only a few days before Christmas. Crocker, the Post Office clerk, came back to his duties at the same time, but, as was the custom with him, stole a day more than belonged to him, and thus incurred the frowns of Mr. Jerningham and the heavy wrath of the great Æolus. The Æoluses of the Civil Service are necessarily much exercised in their minds by such irregularities. To them personally it matters not at all whether one or another young man may be neglectful. It may be known to such a one that a Crocker may be missed from his seat without any great injury—possibly with no injury at all,—to the Queen's service. There are Crockers whom it would be better to pay for their absence than their presence. This Æolus thought it was so with this Crocker. Then why not dismiss Crocker, and thus save the waste of public money? But there is a necessity,—almost a necessity,—that the Crockers of the world should live. They have mothers, or perhaps even wives, with backs to be clothed and stomachs to be fed, or perhaps with hearts to be broken. There is, at any rate, a dislike to proceed to the ultimate resort of what may be called the capital punishment of the Civil Service. To threaten, to frown, to scold, to make a young man's life a burden to him, are all within the compass of an official Æolus. You would think occasionally that

such a one was resolved to turn half the clerks in his office out into the streets,—so loud are the threats. In regard to individuals he often is resolved to do so at the very next fault. But when the time comes his heart misgives him. Even an Æolus is subject to mercy, and at last his conscience becomes so callous to his first imperative duty of protecting the public service that it grows to be a settled thing with him, that though a man's life is to be made a burden to him, the man is not to be actually dismissed. But there are men to whom you cannot make their life a burden,—men upon whom no frowns, no scoldings, no threats operate at all; and men unfortunately sharp enough to perceive what is that ultimate decision to which their Æolus had been brought. Such a one was our Crocker, who cared not at all for the blusterings. On this occasion he had remained away for the sake of having an additional day with the Braeside Harriers, and when he pleaded a bilious headache no one believed him for an instant. It was in vain for Æolus to tell him that a man subject to health so precarious was altogether unfitted for the Civil Service. Crocker had known beforehand exactly what was going to be said to him, and had discounted it at its exact worth. Even in the presence of Mr. Jerningham he spoke openly of the day's hunting, knowing that Mr. Jerningham would prefer his own ease to the trouble of renewed complaint. "If you would sit at your desk now that you have come back, and go on with your docketing, instead of making everybody else idle, it would be a great deal better," said Mr. Jerningham.

"Then my horse took the wall in a fly, and old Amblethwaite crept over afterwards," continued Crocker, standing with his back to the fire, utterly disregarding Mr. Jerningham's admonitions. On his first entrance into the room Crocker had shaken hands with Mr. Jerningham, then with Bobbin and Geraghty, and at last he came to Roden, with whom he would willingly have struck up terms of affectionate friendship had it been possible for him to do so. He had resolved that it should be so, but when the moment came his courage a little failed him. He had made himself very offensive to Roden at their last interview, and could see at a glance that Roden remembered it. As far as his own feelings were concerned such "tiffs," as he called them, went for nothing. He had, indeed, no feelings, and was accustomed to say that he liked the system of give and take,—meaning that he liked being impudent to others, and did not care how impudent others might be to him. This toughness and insolence are as sharp needles to others who do not possess the same gifts. Roden had learned to detest the presence of the young man, to be sore when he was even spoken to, and yet did not know how to put him down. You may have a fierce bull shut up. You may muzzle a dog that will bite. You may shoot a horse that you cannot cure of biting and tearing. But you cannot bring yourself to spend a morning in hunting a bug or killing a flea. Crocker had made himself a serious annoyance even to Lord Hampstead, though their presence together had only been for a very short time. But Roden had to pass his life at the same desk with the odious

companion. Absolutely to cut him, to let it be known all through the office that they two did not speak, was to make too much of the matter. But yet it was essentially necessary for his peace that some step should be taken to save himself from the man's insolence. On the present occasion he nodded his head to Crocker, being careful not to lay the pen down from his fingers. "Ain't you going to give us your hand, old fellow?" said Crocker, putting on his best show of courage.

"I don't know that I am," said Roden. "Perhaps some of these days you may learn to make yourself less disagreeable."

"I'm sure I've always meant to be very friendly, especially with you," said Crocker; "but it is so hard to get what one says taken in the proper sense."

After this not a word was spoken between the two all the morning. This happened on a Saturday,—Saturday, the 20th of December, on which day Hampstead was to return to his own house. Punctually at one Crocker left his desk, and with a comic bow of mock courtesy to Mr. Jerminham, stuck his hat on the side of his head, and left the office. His mind, as he took himself home to his lodgings, was full of Roden's demeanour towards him. Since he had become assured that his brother clerk was engaged to marry Lady Frances Trafford, he was quite determined to cultivate an enduring and affectionate friendship. But what steps should he take to recover the ground which he had lost? It occurred to him now that while he was in Cumberland he had established quite an intimacy with Lord Hampstead, and he thought that it would be well to use Lord Hampstead's acknowledged good-nature for recovering the ground which he had lost with his brother clerk.

At about three o'clock that afternoon, when Lady Frances was beginning to think that the time of her brother's arrival was near at hand, the servant came into the drawing-room, and told her that a gentleman had called, and was desirous of seeing her. "What gentleman?" asked Lady Frances. "Has he sent his name?"

"No, my lady; but he says,—he says that he is a clerk from the Post Office." Lady Frances was at the moment so dismayed that she did not know what answer to give. There could be but one Post Office clerk who should be anxious to see her, and she had felt from the tone of the servant's voice that he had known that it was her lover who had called. Everybody knew that the Post Office clerk was her lover. Some immediate answer was necessary. She quite understood the pledge that her brother had made on her behalf; and, though she had not herself made any actual promise, she felt that she was bound not to receive George Roden. But yet she could not bring herself to turn him away from the door, and so to let the servant suppose that she was ashamed to see him to whom she had given the promise of her hand. "You had better show the gentleman in," she said at last with a voice that almost trembled. A moment afterwards the door was opened, and Mr. Crocker entered the room!

She had endeavoured in the minute which had been allowed her to study the manner in which she should receive her lover. As she heard the approaching footsteps, she prepared herself. She had just risen from her seat, nearly risen, when the strange man appeared. It has to be acknowledged that she was grievously disappointed, although she had told herself that Roden ought not to have come to her. What woman is there who will not forgive her lover for coming, even though he certainly should not have come? What woman is there who will fail to receive a stranger with hard looks when a stranger shall appear to her instead of an expected lover? "Sir?" she said, standing as he walked up the room and made a low bow to her as he took his position before her.

Crocker was dressed up to the eyes, and wore yellow kid gloves. "Lady Frances," he said, "I am Mr. Crocker, Mr. Samuel Crocker, of the General Post Office. You may not perhaps have heard of me from my friend Mr. Roden?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"You might have done so, as we sit in the same room and at the same desk. Or you may remember meeting me at dinner at your uncle's castle in Cumberland."

"Is anything,—anything the matter with Mr. Roden?"

"Not in the least, my lady. I had the pleasure of leaving him in very good health about two hours since. There is nothing at all to occasion your ladyship the slightest uneasiness." A dark frown came across her brow as she heard the man talk thus freely of her interest in George Roden's condition. She no doubt had betrayed her own secret as far as there was a secret; but she was not on that account the less angry because he had forced her to do so.

"Has Mr. Roden sent you as a messenger?" she asked.

"No, my lady; no. That would not be at all probable. I am sure he would very much rather come with any message of his own." At this he sniggered most offensively. "I called with the hope of seeing your brother, Lord Hampstead, with whom I may take the liberty of saying that I have a slight acquaintance."

"Lord Hampstead is not at home."

"So the servant told me. Then it occurred to me that as I had come all the way down from London for a certain purpose, to ask a little favour from his lordship, and as I was not fortunate enough to find his lordship at home, I might ask the same from your ladyship."

"There can be nothing that I can do for you, sir."

"You can do it, my lady, much better than any one else in the world. You can be more powerful in this matter even than his lordship."

"What can it be?" asked Lady Frances.

"If your ladyship will allow me I will sit down, as the story I have to tell is somewhat particular." It was impossible to refuse him the use of a chair, and she could therefore only bow as he seated himself. "I and George Roden, my lady, have known each other intimately for these ever so many years." Again she bowed her head. "And I may say that we used to be quite pals. When two men sit at the same desk together they ought to be thick as thieves. See what a cat and dog life it is else! Don't you think so, my lady?"

"I know nothing of office life. As I don't think that I can help you, perhaps you wouldn't mind—going away?"

"Oh, my lady, you must hear me to the end, because you are just the person who can help me. Of course as you two are situated he would do anything you were to bid him. Now he has taken it into his head to be very huffy with me."

"Indeed I can do nothing in the matter," she said in a tone of deep distress.

"If you would only just tell him that I have never meant to offend him! I am sure I don't know what it is that has come up. It may be that I said a word in joke about Lord Hampstead, only that there really could not have been anything in that. Nobody could have a more profound respect for his lordship's qualities than I have, and I may say the same for your ladyship most sincerely. I have always thought it a great feather in Roden's cap that he should be so closely connected,—more than closely, I may say,—with your noble family."

What on earth was she to do with a man who would go on talking to her, making at every moment insolent allusions to the most cherished secret of her heart! "I must beg you to go away and leave me, sir," she said. "My brother will be here almost immediately."

This had escaped from her with a vain idea that the man would receive it as a threat,—that he would think probably that her brother would turn him out of the house for his insolence. In this she was altogether mistaken. He had no idea that he was insolent.

"Then perhaps you will allow me to wait for his lordship," he said.

"Oh, dear no! He may come or he may not. You really cannot wait. You ought not to have come at all."

"But for the sake of peace, my lady! One word from your fair lips—." Lady Frances could endure it no longer. She got up from her seat and walked out of the room, leaving Mr. Crocker planted in his chair. In the hall she found one of the servants, whom she told to "take that man to the front door at once." The servant did as he was bid, and Crocker was ushered out of the house without any feeling on his part that he had misbehaved himself.

Crocker had hardly got beyond the grounds when Hampstead did in truth return. The first words spoken between him and his sister of course referred to their father's health. "He is unhappy rather than ill," said Hampstead.

"Is it about me?" she asked.

"No; not at all about you in the first instance."

"What does that mean?"

"It is not because of you; but from what others say about you."

"Mamma?" she asked.

"Yes; and Mr. Greenwood."

"Does he interfere?"

"I am afraid he does;—not directly with my father, but through her ladyship, who daily tells my father what the stupid old man says. Lady Kingsbury is most irrational, and harassing. I have always thought her to be silly, but now I cannot keep myself from feeling that she misbehaves herself grievously. She does everything she can to add to his annoyance."

"That is very bad."

"It is bad. He can turn Mr. Greenwood out of the house if Mr. Greenwood becomes unbearable. But he cannot turn his wife out."

"Could he not come here?"

"I am afraid not,—without bringing her too. She has taken it into her stupid head that you and I are disgracing the family. As for me, she seems to think that I am actually robbing her own boys of their rights. I would do anything for them, or even for her, if I could comfort her; but she is determined to look upon us as enemies. My father says that it will worry him into his grave."

"Poor papa!"

"We can run away, but he can not. I became very angry when I was there, both with her ladyship and that pestilential old clergyman, and told them both pretty much what I thought. I have the comfort of knowing that I have two bitter enemies in the house."

"Can they hurt you?"

"Not in the least,—except in this, that they can teach those little boys to regard me as an enemy. I would fain have had my brothers left to me. Mr. Greenwood, and I must now say her ladyship also, are nothing to me."

It was not till after dinner that the story was told about Crocker. "Think what I must have felt when I was told that a clerk from the Post Office wanted to see me!"

"And then that brute Crocker was shown in?" asked Hampstead.

"Do you really know him?"

"Know him! I should rather think so. Don't you remember him at Castle Hautboy?"

"Not in the least. But he told me that he had been there."

"He never would leave me. He absolutely drove me out of the country because he would follow me about when we were hunting. He insulted me so grievously that I had to turn tail and run away from him. What did he want of me?"

"To intercede for him with George Roden."

"He is an abominable man, irrepressible, so thick-skinned that you cannot possibly get at him so as to hurt him. It is of no use telling him to keep his distance, for he does not in the least know what you mean. I do not doubt that he has left the house with a conviction that he has gained a sincere friend in you."

It was now more than a fortnight since Marion Fay had dined at Hendon, and Hampstead felt that unless he could succeed in carrying on the attack which he had commenced, any little beginning of a friendship which he had made with the Quaker would be obliterated by the length of time. If she thought about him at all she must think that he was very indifferent to let so long a time pass by without any struggle on his part to see her again. There had been no word of love spoken. He had been sure of that. But still there had been something of affectionate intercourse which she could not have failed to recognise. What must she think of him if he allowed that to pass away without any renewal, without an attempt at carrying it further? When she had bade him go in out of the cold there had been something in her voice which had made him feel that she was in truth anxious for him. Now more than a fortnight had gone, and there had been no renewal! "Fanny," he said, "how would it be if we were to ask those Quakers to dine here on Christmas Day?"

"It would be odd, wouldn't it, as they are strangers, and dined here so lately?"

"People like that do not stand on ceremony at all. I don't see why they shouldn't come. I could say that you want to make their acquaintance."

"Would you ask them alone?"

In that he felt that the great difficulty lay. The Fays would hardly come without Mrs. Roden, and the Rodens could not be asked. "One doesn't always ask the same people to meet each other."

"It would be very odd, and I don't think they'd come," said Lady Frances, gravely. Then after a pause she went on. "I fear, John, that there is more in it than mere dinner company."

"Certainly there is," he said boldly;—"much more in it."

"You are not in love with the Quaker's daughter?"

"I rather think I am. When I have seen her three or four times more, I shall be able to find out. You may be sure of this, that I mean to see her three or four times more, and that any rate one of the times must be before I go down to Gorse Hall." Then of course she knew the whole truth. He did, however, give up the idea as to the Christmas dinner party, having arrived at the belief, after turning the matter over in his mind, that Zachary Fay would not bring his daughter again so soon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. RODEN'S ELOQUENCE

ON Sunday Hampstead was nervous and fidgety. He had at one time thought that it would be the very day for him to go to Holloway. He would be sure to find Mrs. Roden at home after church, and then, if he could carry things to the necessary length, he might also see Zachary Fay. But on consideration it appeared to him that Sunday would not suit his purpose. George Roden would be there, and would be sadly in the way. And the Quaker himself would be in the way, as it would be necessary that he should have some preliminary interview with Marion before anything could be serviceably said to her father. He was driven, therefore, to postpone his visit. Nor would Monday do, as he knew enough of the manners of Paradise Row to be aware that on Monday Mrs. Vincent would certainly be there. It would be his object, if things could be made to go pleasantly, first to see Mrs. Roden for a few minutes, and then to spend as much of the afternoon as might be possible with Marion Fay. He therefore fixed on the Tuesday for his purpose, and having telegraphed about the country for his horses, groom, and other appurtenances, he went down to

Leighton on the Monday, and consoled himself with a day's hunting with the staghounds.

On his return his sister spoke to him very seriously as to her own affairs. "Is not this almost silly, John, about Mr. Roden not coming here?"

"Not silly at all, according to my ideas."

"All the world knows that we are engaged. The very servants have heard of it. That horrid young man who came from the Post Office was aware of it."

"What has all that to do with it?"

"If it has been made public in that way, what can be the object of keeping us apart? Mamma no doubt told her sister, and Lady Persiflage has published it every where. Her daughter is going to marry a duke, and it has crowned her triumph to let it be known that I am going to marry only a Post Office clerk. I don't begrudge her that in the least. But as they have talked about it so much, they ought, at any rate, to let me have my Post Office clerk."

"I have nothing to say about it one way or the other," said Hampstead. "I say nothing about it, at any rate now."

"What do you mean by that, John?"

"When I saw how miserable you were at Trafford I did my best to bring you away. But I could only bring you here on an express stipulation that you should not meet George Roden while you were in my house. If you can get my father's consent to your meeting him, then that part of the contract will be over."

"I don't think I made any promise."

"I understood it so."

"I said nothing to papa on the subject,—and I do not remember that I made any promise to you. I am sure I did not."

"I promised for you." To this she was silent. "Are you going to ask him to come here?"

"Certainly not. But if he did come, how could I refuse to see him? I thought that he was here on Saturday, and I told Richard to admit him. I could not send him away from the door."

"I do not think he will come unless he is asked," said Hampstead. Then the conversation was over.

On the following day, at two o'clock, Lord Hampstead again started for Holloway. On this occasion he drove over, and left his trap and servant at the "Duchess of Edinburgh." He was so well known in the neighbourhood now as hardly to be able to hope to enter on the domains of Paradise Row without being recognised. He felt that it was hard that his motions should be watched, telling himself that it was one of the evils belonging to an hereditary nobility; but he must accept this mischief as he did others, and he walked up the street trying to look as though he didn't know that his motions were being watched first from Number Fifteen as he passed it, and then from Number Ten opposite, as he stood at Mrs. Roden's door.

Mrs. Roden was at home, and received him, of course, with her most gracious smile; but her heart sank within her as she saw him, for she felt sure that he had come in pursuit of Marion Fay. "It is very kind of you to call," she said. "I had heard from George that you had gone down into the country since we had the pleasure of dining with you."

"Yes; my father has been unwell, and I had to stay with him a few days or I should have been here sooner. You got home all of you quite well?"

"Oh, yes."

"Miss Fay did not catch cold?"

"Not at all;—though I fear she is hardly strong."

"She is not ill, I hope?"

"Oh, no; not that. But she lives here very quietly, and I doubt whether the excitement of going out is good for her."

"There was not much excitement at Hendon Hall, I think," he said, laughing.

"Not for you, but for her perhaps. In appreciating our own condition we are so apt to forget what is the condition of others! To Marion Fay it was a strange event to have to dine at your house,—and strange also to receive little courtesies such as yours. It is hard for you to conceive how strongly the nature of such a girl may be affected by novelties. I have almost regretted, Lord Hampstead, that I should have consented to take her there."

"Has she said anything?"

"Oh, no; there was nothing for her to say. You are not to suppose that any harm has been done."

"What harm could have been done?" he asked. Of what nature was the harm of which Mrs. Roden was speaking? Could it be that Marion had made any sign of altered feelings; had declared in any way her liking or disliking; had given outward testimony of thoughts which would have been pleasant to him,—or perhaps unpleasant,—had he known them?

"No harm, of course," said Mrs. Roden;—"only to a nature such as hers all excitement is evil."

"I cannot believe that," he said, after a pause. "Now and then in the lives of all of us there must come moments of excitement which cannot be all evil. What would Marion say if I were to tell her that I loved her?"

"I hope you will not do that, my lord."

"Why should you hope so? What right have you to hope so? If I do love her is it not proper that I should tell her?"

"But it would not be proper that you should love her?"

"There, Mrs. Roden, I take the liberty of declaring that you are altogether in the wrong, and that you speak without due consideration."

"Do I, my lord?"

"I think so. Why am I not to be allowed the ordinary privilege of a man,—that of declaring my passion to a woman when I meet one who seems in all things to fulfil the image of perfection which I have formed for myself,—when I see a girl that I fancy I can love?"

"Ah, there is the worst! It is only a fancy."

"I will not be accused in that way without defending myself. Let it be fancy or not, I love Marion Fay, and I have come here to tell her so. If I can make any impression on her I shall come again and tell her father so. I am here now because I think that you can help me. If you will not, I shall go on without your help."

"What can I do?"

"Go to her with me now, at once. You say that excitement is bad for her. The excitement will be less if you will come with me to her house."

Then there was a long pause in the conversation, during which Mrs. Roden was endeavouring to determine what might be her duty at this moment. She certainly did not think that it would be well that Lord Hampstead, the eldest son of the Marquis of Kingsbury, should marry Marion Fay. She was quite sure that she had all the world with her there. Were any one to know that she had assisted in arranging such a marriage, that any one would certainly condemn her. That would assuredly be the case, not only with the young lord's family, not only with others of the young lord's order, but with all the educated world of Great Britain. How could it be that such a one as Marion Fay should be a fitting wife for such a one as Lord Hampstead? Marion Fay had undoubtedly great gifts of her own. She was beautiful, intelligent, sweet-minded, and possessed of natural delicacy,—so much so that to Mrs. Roden herself she had become as dear almost as a daughter; but it was impossible that she should have either the education or the manners fit for the wife of a great English peer. Though her manners might be good and her education excellent, they were not those required for that special position. And then there was cause for other fears. Marion's mother and brothers and sisters had all died young. The girl

herself had hitherto seemed to escape the scourge under which they perished. But occasionally there would rise to her cheeks a bright colour, which for the moment would cause Mrs. Roden's heart to sink within her. Occasionally there would be heard from her not a cough, but that little preparation for coughing which has become so painfully familiar to the ears of those whose fate it has been to see their beloved ones gradually fade from presumed health. She had already found herself constrained to say a word or two to the old Quaker, not telling him that she feared any coming evil, but hinting that change of air would certainly be beneficial to such a one as Marion. Acting under this impulse he had taken her during the inclemency of the past spring to the Isle of Wight. She was minded gradually to go on with this counsel so as if possible to induce the father to send his girl out of London for some considerable portion of the year. If this were so, how could she possibly encourage Lord Hampstead in his desire to make Marion his wife?

And then, as to the girl herself, could it be for her happiness that she should be thus lifted into a strange world, a world that would be hard and ungracious to her, and in which it might be only too probable that the young lord should see her defects when it would be too late for either of them to remedy the evil that had been done? She had thought something of all this before, having recognised the possibility of such a step as this after what she had seen at Hendon Hall. She had told herself that it would be well to discourage any such idea in Marion's heart, and had spoken jokingly of the gallantry of men of rank. Marion had smiled sweetly as she had listened to her friend's words, and had at once said that such manners were at any rate pretty and becoming in one so placed as Lord Hampstead. There had been something in this to make Mrs. Roden almost fear that her words had been taken as intending too much,—that Marion had accepted them as a caution against danger. Not for worlds would she have induced the girl to think that any danger was apprehended. But now the danger had come, and it behoved Mrs. Roden if possible to prevent the evil. "Will you come across with me now?" said Hampstead, who had sat silent in his chair while these thoughts were passing through the lady's mind.

"I think not, my lord."

"Why not, Mrs. Roden? Will it not be better than that I should go alone?"

"I hope you will not go at all."

"I shall go,—certainly. I consider myself bound by all laws of honesty to tell her what she has done to me. She can then judge what may be best for herself."

"Do not go at any rate to-day, Lord Hampstead. Let me beg at least as much as that of you. Consider the importance of the step you will be taking."

"I have thought of it," said he.

"Marion is as good as gold."

"I know she is."

"Marion, I say, is as good as gold; but is it likely that any girl should remain untouched and undazzled by such an offer as you can make her?"

"Touched I hope she may be. As for dazzled,—I do not believe in it in the least. There are eyes which no false lights can dazzle."

"But if she were touched, as would no doubt be the case," said Mrs. Roden, "could it be well that you with such duties before you should marry the daughter of Zachary Fay? Listen to me a moment," she continued, as he attempted to interrupt her. "I know what you would say, and I sympathise with much of it; but it cannot be well for society that classes should be mixed together suddenly and roughly."

"What roughness would there be?" he asked.

"As lords and ladies are at present, as dukes are, and duchesses, and such like, there would be a roughness to them in having Marion Fay presented to them as one of themselves. Lords have married low-born girls, I know, and the wives have been contented with a position which has almost been denied to them, or only grudgingly accorded. I have known something of that, my lord, and have felt,—at any rate I have seen,—its bitterness. Marion Fay would fade and sink to nothing if she were subjected to such contumely. To be Marion Fay is enough for her. To be your wife, and not to be thought fit to be your wife, would not be half enough."

"She shall be thought fit."

"You can make her Lady Hampstead, and demand that she shall be received at Court. You can deck her with diamonds, and cause her to be seated high in honour according to your own rank. But could you induce your father's wife to smile on her?" In answer to this he was dumb. "Do you think she would be contented if your father's wife were to frown on her?"

"My father's wife is not everybody."

"She would necessarily be much to your wife. Take a week, my lord, or a month, and think upon it. She expects nothing from you yet, and it is still in your power to save her from unhappiness."

"I would make her happy, Mrs. Roden."

"Think about it;—think about it."

"And I would make myself happy also. You count my feelings as being nothing in the matter."

"Nothing as compared with hers. You see how plainly I deal with you. Let me say that for a time your heart will be sore;—that you do in truth love this girl so as to feel that she is necessary to your happiness. Do you not know that if she were placed beyond your reach you would recover from that sting? The duties of the world would still be open to you. Being a man you would still have before you many years for recovery before your youth had departed from you. Of course you would find some other woman, and be happy with her. For her, if she came to shipwreck in this venture, there would be no other chance."

"I would make this chance enough for her."

"So you think; but if you will look abroad you will see that the perils to her happiness which I have attempted to describe are not vain. I can say no more, my lord, but can only beg that you will take some little time to think of it before you put the thing out of your own reach. If she had once accepted your love I know that you would never go back."

"Never."

"Therefore think again while there is time." He slowly dragged himself up from his chair, and left her almost without a word at parting. She had persuaded him—to take another week. It was not that he doubted in the least his own purpose, but he did not know how to gainsay her as to this small request. In that frame of mind which is common to young men when they do not get all that they want, angry, disappointed, and foiled, he went down stairs, and opened the front door,—and there on the very steps he met Marion Fay.

"Marion," he said, pouring all the tenderness of his heart into his voice.

"My lord?"

"Come in, Marion,—for one moment." Then she followed him into the little passage, and there they stood. "I had come over to ask you how you are after our little party."

"I am quite well;—and you?"

"I have been away with my father, or I should have come sooner."

"Nay;—it was not necessary that you should trouble yourself."

"It is necessary;—it is necessary; or I should be troubled very much. I am troubled." She stood there, looking down on the ground as though she were biding her time, but she did not speak to him. "She would not come with me," he said, pointing up the

stairs on which Mrs. Roden was now standing. "She has told me that it is bad that I should come; but I will come one day soon." He was almost beside himself with love as he was speaking. The girl was so completely after his own heart as he stood there close to her, filled with her influences, that he was unable to restrain himself.

"Come up, Marion, dear," said Mrs. Roden, speaking from the landing. "It is hardly fair to keep Lord Hampstead standing in the passage."

"It is most unfair," said Marion. "Good day, my lord."

"I will stand here till you come down to me, unless you will speak to me again. I will not be turned out while you are here. Marion, you are all the world to me. I love you with my whole, whole heart. I had come here, dear, to tell you so;—but she has delayed me. She made me promise that I would not come again for a week, as though weeks or years could change me! Say one word to me, Marion. One word shall suffice now, and then I will go. Marion, can you love me?"

"Come to me, Marion, come to me," said Mrs. Roden. "Do not answer him now."

"No," said Marion, looking up, and laying her hand gently on the sleeve of his coat, "I will not answer him now. It is too sudden. I must think of words to answer such a speech. Lord Hampstead, I will go to her now."

"But I shall hear from you."

"You shall come to me again, and I will tell you."

"To-morrow?"

"Nay; but give me a day or two. On Friday I will be ready with my answer."

"You will give me your hand, Marion." She gave it to him, and he covered it with kisses. "Only have this in your mind, fixed as fate, that no man ever loved a woman more truly than I love you. No man was ever more determined to carry out his purpose. I am in your hands. Think if you cannot dare to trust yourself into mine." Then he left her, and went back to the "Duchess of Edinburgh," not thinking much of the eyes which might be looking at him.

(To be continued)

"THROUGH SIBERIA" *

MR. LANSDALL'S book is somewhat remarkable in that the picture sketched in it of the wonderful land of which it treats is entirely different from that hitherto familiar to the world. The general notion of Siberia has been anything but a pleasant one; and it is worth mentioning that it is based upon evidence gathered by various and independent writers. But Mr. Lansdall, who confesses he knows nothing of politics and who appears to know little of men, has, artlessly enough, perhaps, infused into his work an unmistakable *couleur de rose* that is little short of surprising.

The object of his journey—which was made at the best season of the year, when the weather was charming, and primroses, and violets, and forget-me-nots blossomed plentifully on the wide northern landscapes—was philanthropic,—for the visitation of the prisons and penal institutions of Siberia, and the distribution therein of tracts and Bibles. Mr. Lansdall had the very best of introductions, both private and official, and though he arrived at St. Petersburg in the midst of the Nihilist troubles, as soon as the authorities knew his object, and his load of literature had been passed by the censors, every assistance and facility were given him. Thus befriended, he travelled as rapidly as rail, and boat, and tarantass could carry him completely across the continent; visiting Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Tobolsk, Tomsk, then southwards to Krasnoyarsk, Alexandrefsky, Irkutsk, and finally Vladivostock.

A foreigner flying thus across Europe and Asia is exceedingly apt to receive false impressions, and much of "Through Siberia" must, we think, be taken with a very considerable grain of salt. We cannot agree, for instance, that the terrible and devastating fires of 1879—that at Irkutsk is graphically described—which, one after another in close succession, increased the already great alarm alike of Russia and of Europe, were merely the result of "accident," and there is something quite wonderful in the way in which the mines and the prisons, and Siberian life generally, are made to appear almost beatific in comparison with previously received accounts, and even our own penal institutions. In some cases, indeed, the author's facts themselves qualify the impression his narrative conveys. In the Alexandrefsky Central Prison—a building originally erected for a brandy distillery, containing fifty-seven rooms, densely overcrowded, though well lighted—alone, there were some 1,589 prisoners, gathered from all parts of the Russian Empire, and they afforded quite an ethnological study. All these people were under "hard labour" sentences. Yet, "As we went from room to room we found convicts twirling their thumbs, and literally begging for employment." There seemed barely a tenth of them employed, indeed; the authorities "explaining" that "they had no work to give them." Then there is a sickening description of a knouting, though we are previously given to understand that the practice is dead; and the picture of the *Irish*, a convict barge on the Obi, is in the highest degree revolting. This barge is a floating hull, 245 feet long and 30 feet beam, made expressly for the transport of convicts to the number of 800, with 22 officers. Below it was fitted with platforms for sleeping. At either end are deck-houses, eight feet high, containing an apothecary's shop (a touch of humour here!) and apartments for the officers and soldiers in charge. The space between the houses is roofed, and the sides closed in by bars and wires—"painfully suggestive of a menagerie;" and the vessel has no engines, and is pretty similar to "a child's Noah's Ark"—mark the simile. The author went on board laden with books and papers for distribution, when the likeness to a menagerie was further emphasised by the way in which the poor wretches received their literary food—through the bars!

"If report be true" (the italics are ours) "there is a good deal of *hocus focus* connected with Siberian fetters." There is evidently nothing of the sort about the travelling irons of the Finnish murderer in our engraving. In bringing prisoners from country districts farmers' carts are used, and are sometimes waylaid by rescuing accomplices. To prevent deliverance of the culprits they are dressed in an extraordinary suit of irons that outdo those of China. First there is a neck collar and a girdle connected with each other and the prisoner's hands by chains. On each ankle is an iron socket projecting over the feet far enough to carry a heavy iron bar weighing thirty-six pounds, and which rests on the insteps and connects the feet. From the middle of this bar comes another chain connected with the girdle. The whole is of iron, and weighs 108 lbs. These hampering habiliments are, the author says, only used for "desperate characters" in Finland, and do not exist at all in Russia.

But though the book bristles with most unpleasant suggestions, which indeed point to a condition of things in Russia far more serious than Mr. Lansdall seems conscious of, there is likewise a great deal that is interesting, if not always new. Siberia is rich in nationalities; and not the least curious of these are the Samoyedes. They inhabit a tract stretching along the shore of the Frozen Ocean, from the N.E. corner of Europe to the Yenesei, and, in 1876, their numbers were estimated at 5,700. Their riches are reindeer, which they pasture on the mosses of the vast bogs or *tundras*, from which the animals obtain sustenance in winter by scraping the snow with their feet. To the Samoyede the reindeer is everything; when alive it draws his sledge; when dead its flesh is eaten, and the skin used

* "Through Siberia," by Henry Lansdall. With Illustrations and Maps (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.).

for tent and clothing. Their dress resembles in its main features that of other northern aborigines in Siberia. They are very honest, but very fond of *vodka*, sometimes, indeed, bartering their whole property for spirits, and thus reducing themselves to beggary.

Kara is notable for two things: its penal settlement and its convict mines. It had an unenviable reputation in 1859, when, according to an old sea captain with whom Mr. Lansdall stayed, there were 2,000 men branded, and chained to their barrows by night and day; and the overseer of the gold-mines, a German, told him that he had shot four men who had killed others when at work; whilst he heard that former Governors were so cruel that the mention of their names made convicts tremble. All this, however, according to the author, is changed, and Colonel Kononovitch, at present in command, has effected great improvements: "the whole place bore about it marks of the superintendence of a man who conscientiously acted from a high sense of duty."

The day was far spent when, after visiting the mine, with its schools and hospitals, Mr. Lansdall arrived at the washing-house. Less than a dozen men remained, and there was "a certain gravity" on their faces as, in the glare of pine torches, they stood round the wooden apron in which was pushed up and down the few handfuls of mineral that remained of 240 tons that had passed through the cylinder. The Colonel looked on with dignity; and there was the Cossack with loaded rifle to protect the gold. The wooden scraper pushed away at the sand, and then the brush, and there was left only the gold and iron, less than half-a-pint—worth about 40*l.*—which was put in the miniature frying-pan, dried over an extempore fire, and placed in a tin can, which was given to the Cossack who, under an escort, took it off to the treasury.

Our other illustrations require no special comment. It is possible that previous accounts of Siberia are either exaggerated, or describe a state of things since reformed. But whether Mr. Lansdall's extremely favourable picture is perfectly true, whether, in short, it is something other than merely hasty and superficial, we should hardly like to say. His facts seem based chiefly on official information, which we know is not always to be trusted, and he appears to have taken for granted everything the Russian authorities told him, and to have accepted without question the theory of Russian Government without inquiring too deeply into its practice. If his travel had been less hurried, his book, as an account of Siberia as it is to-day, would perhaps have had greater weight and interest. As it is, it is in some ways instructive, in its descriptions of natural scenery pleasant, and in some parts amusing. A book to be read, but—*cum grano!*



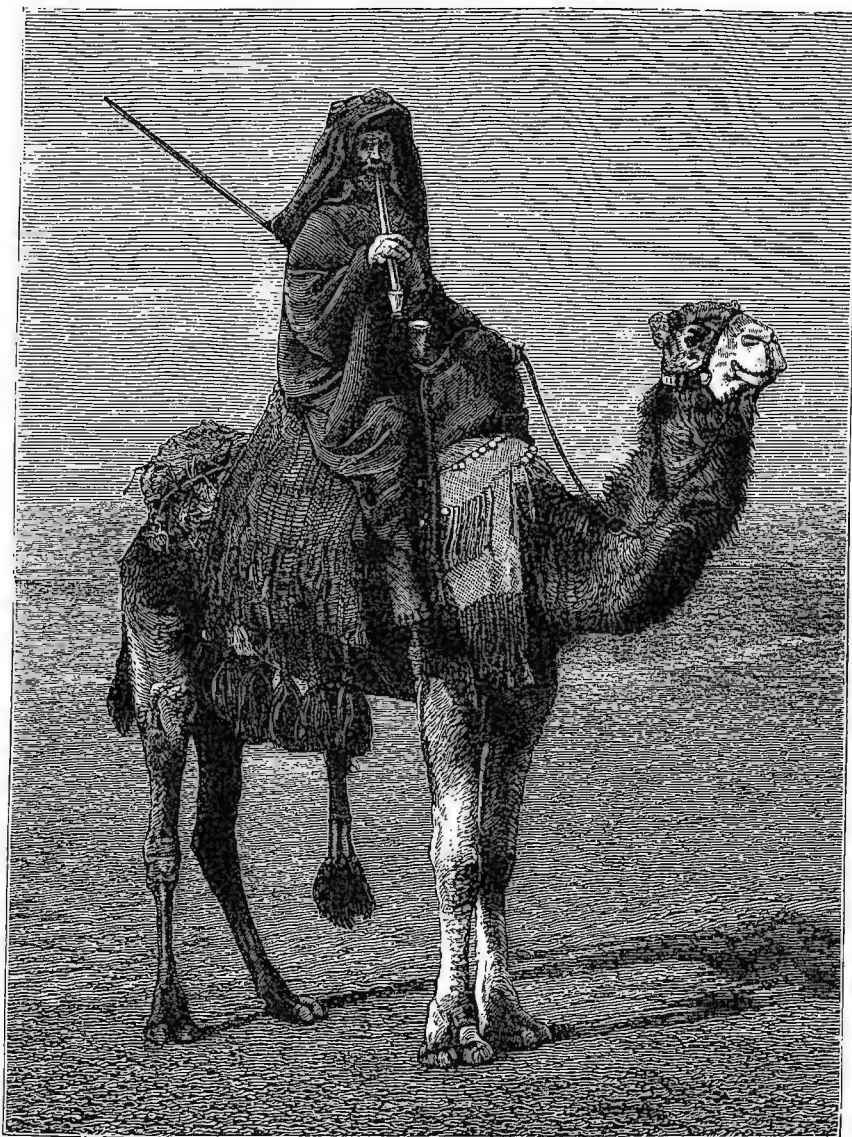
MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—The only vocal piece in the budget from this firm is a clever song, by Kate Ockleston, entitled "A Shadow." The flowing accompaniment should be learnt by heart, as it looks more difficult than it really is. The pathetic poetry is by the late Adelaide Proctor.—By the above-named composer is a "Nocturne," in D flat major, carefully written, but lacking originality.—Two excellent gift-books for classical students are "The Reinecke Album," which contains ten well-chosen pieces by this composer; and "The Heller Album," which consists of studies and arrangements, fifteen in number, very judiciously chosen.—Eight well-written pieces for the pianoforte, by Charles Wehle, may be recommended to the heads of families and schools. "Valse Caractéristique," "Polka de Concert," "Mazurka Elegante," and "Contredanse Brillante" are showy specimens of their genus.—"Troisième Berceuse," "Troisième Tarantelle," and "Troisième Grande Polonaise" require flexible fingers and a delicate touch; with these two requisites they will make a favourable impression on their hearers. Most original of the group is "Má Vlast," a *chanson Bohème*.—A trifle less difficult, but of the same type, are four pleasing pianoforte pieces, by Edward Hecht. "Prelude in B flat major," "Courante in B minor," "Bourrée and Musette in D," which are ordinary in style; and "Scherzino," which is worthy of its name.—F. N. Löhr is making good progress as a composer. His "Gondola Song" is a very graceful after-dinner piece.—"Minuetto Grazioso" for the pianoforte, by G. Marsden, Mus. B. Cantab., will be a steady favourite in the drawing-room.—The same may be said of "A Lullaby," by Leo Kerbusch.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Eight songs of more than ordinary merit, by composers in the foremost ranks, are "The Good Old Times" and "Two Wings," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Ciro Pinsuti; and by the same composer, "Liberty Hall," a narrative song, published in three keys. The racy words, replete with healthy sentiment, are by F. E. Weatherly. No better song could be chosen for a People's Concert.—A brace of songs, music by Humphrey J. Stark, which will take a good place in the concert and drawing-room, are "Guarding the Ford," words by J. P. Douglas—compass from B flat to E flat; and "The Old Romance," published in three keys, with pianoforte and harmonium (*ad lib.*) accompaniments; the beautiful poetry by Mary Mark Lemon.—There is a ring of genuine pathos in "Forgive Me and Forget," words by E. Oxenford, music by Odoardo Barri, published in C and G. Erring but repentant damsels will find this song a medium for musically asking pardon.—A pleasing and sentimental love ditty for a baritone suitor is "Something to Tell Thee," by Giovanni Sconcio.—"Love's Letter Box"—as its title would proclaim—is a facetious poem, by M. M. Lemon, set to a lively melody by Michael Watson, published in B flat and C. By the way, all these songs may be sung anywhere without a fee.

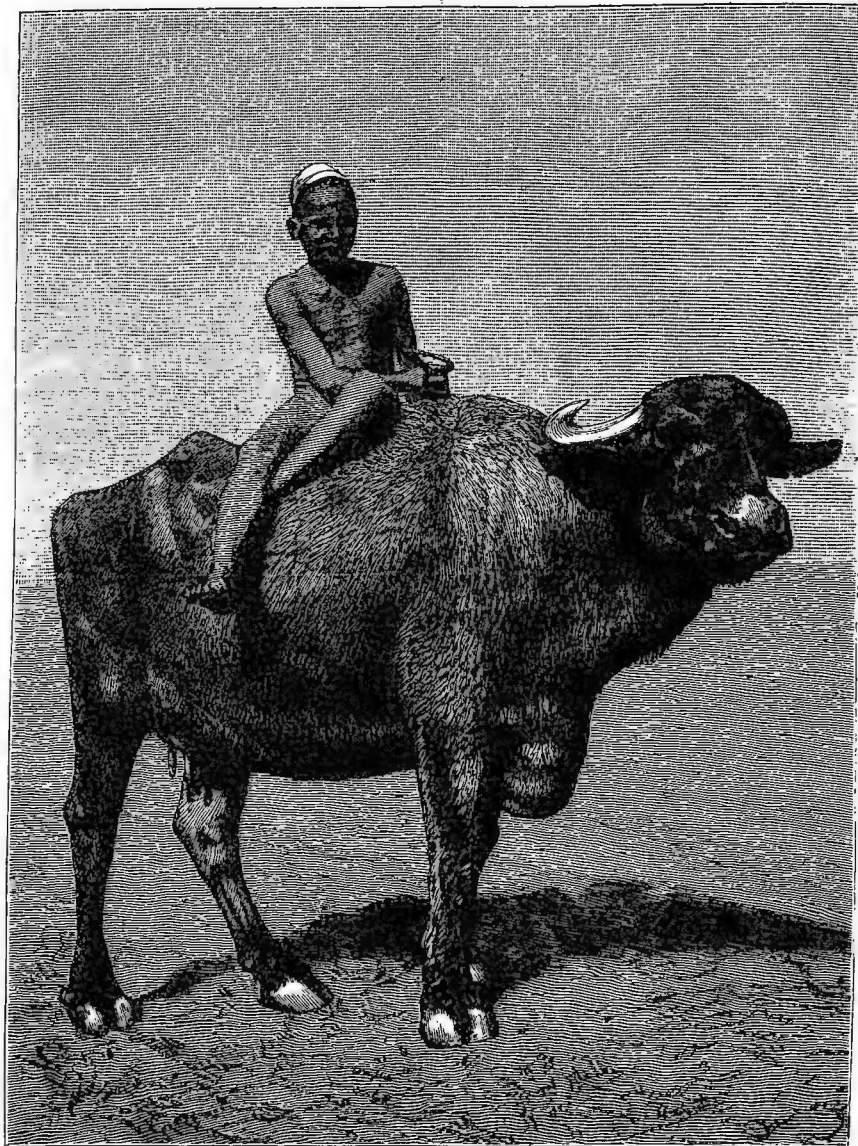
MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—As a rule, violin music transcribed for the pianoforte is a failure; but three transcriptions by E. Aguilar, from J. S. Bach's "Violin Sonatas," are admirable exceptions to the rule. They consist of an "Andante," "Minuet," and "Sarabande."—A remarkably pretty prettiness to "The Emerald Isle Quadrilles" leads us to expect much from the music on "Celebrated Songs," by Samuel Lover, arranged by Jules Rochard, and we are somewhat disappointed therewith.



CAPTAIN BARRINGTON deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for having in a calm and lucid fashion discussed the great problem of invasion, in his "England on the Defensive" (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), which is a book that should interest every man in the kingdom. England has been invaded several times before; history repeats itself, and Captain Barrington very reasonably supposes it will be invaded again. The Channel Fleet, upon which we traditionally depend, he imagines to have been either destroyed, or lured away from the coasts; an opportunity thus being given to a by no means impossible combination of European Powers to land two forces, respectively on our Southern and Eastern shores. We have had five weeks to prepare for the foe, but owing to the small number of our regular troops, the inexperience and want of homogeneity of our auxiliaries, and general inferiority of numbers as compared with those of the enemy, our



A TRAVELLING BEDOUIN

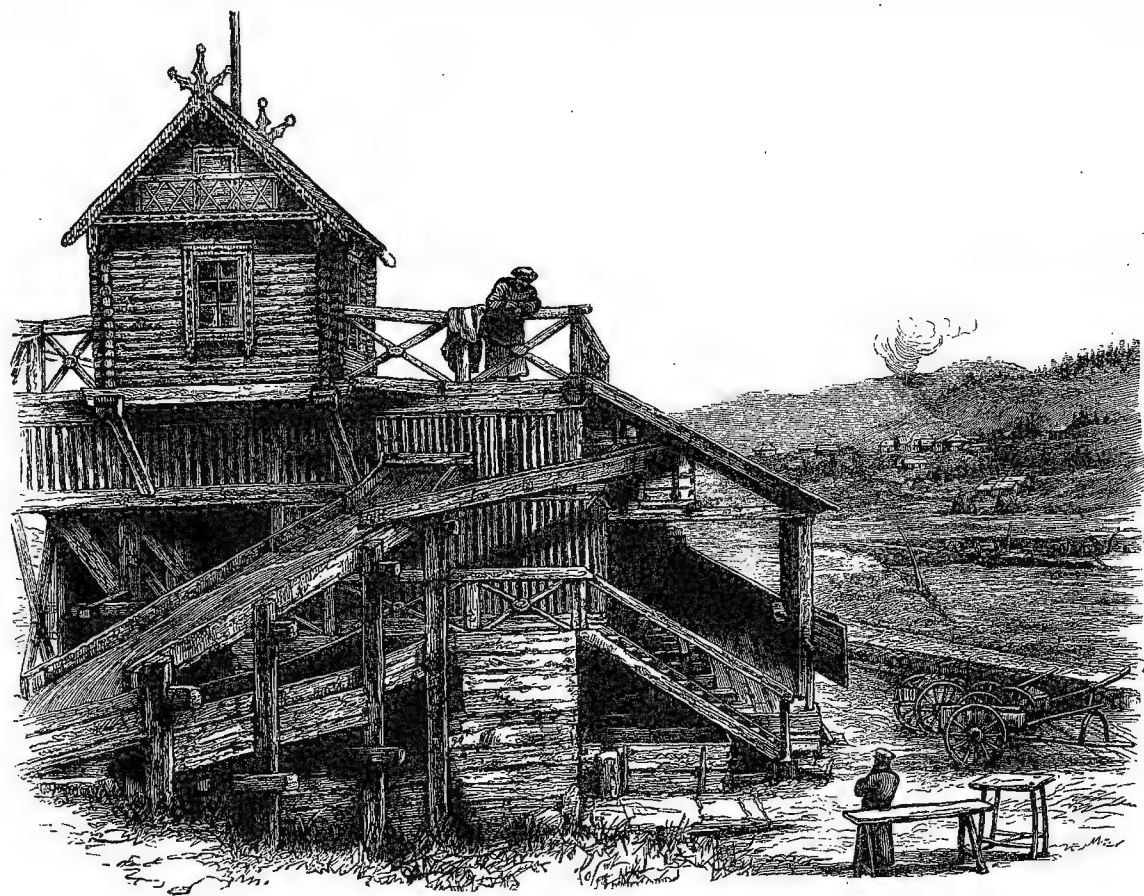


A BUFFALO AND HIS DRIVER



EGYPTIAN PRINCESSES DRIVING OUT

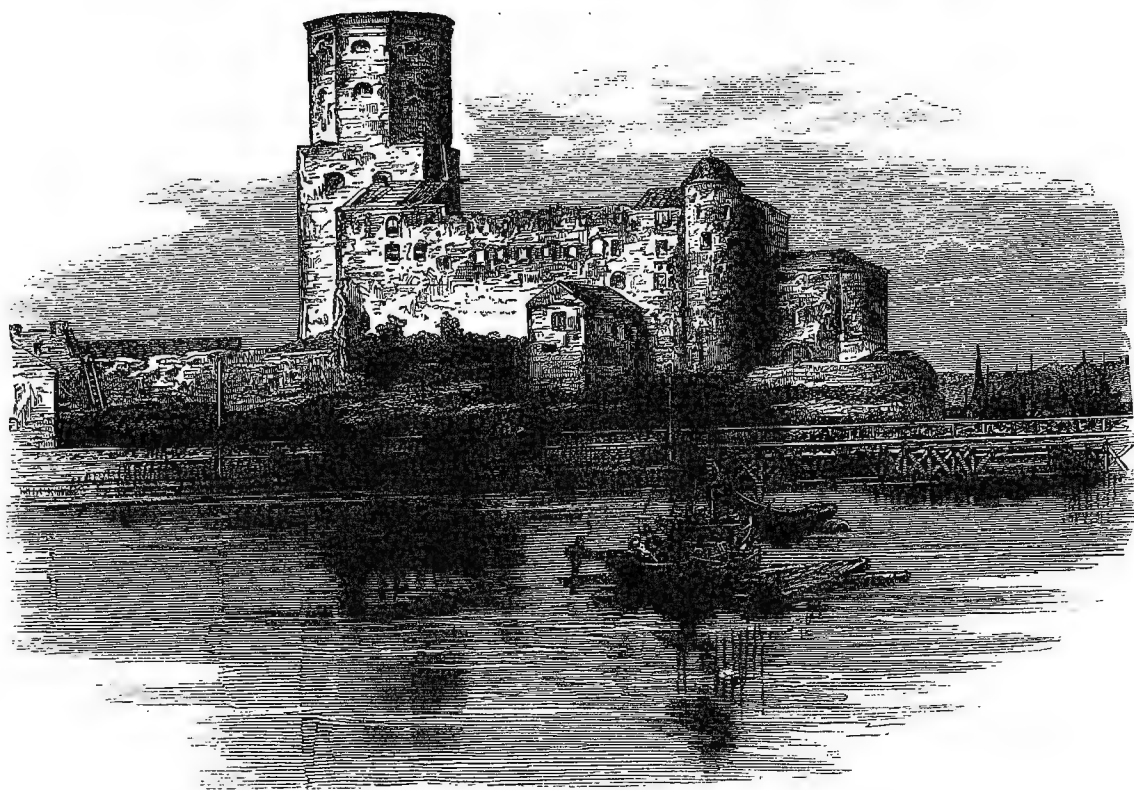
LIFE IN EGYPT



GOLD MINE AND WASHING-HOUSE AT KARA



RUSSIAN PEASANT, WITH SAMOVAR (TEA-URN)



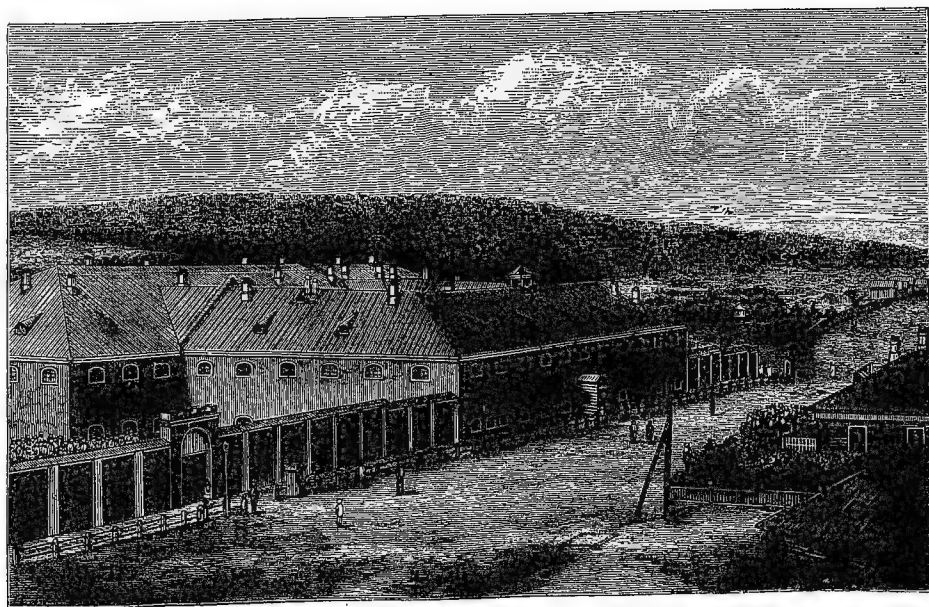
THE CASTLE PRISON AT WIBORG



A FINNISH MURDERER IN TRAVELLING IRONS



SAMOYEDS OF ARCHANGEL



THE ALEXANDREFFSKY CENTRAL PRISON, NEAR IRKUTSK

forces are compelled to retire to the defensive lines of London, which are traced through Kingston, Croydon, Erith, Barking, Enfield, Edgware, and Harrow. In these lines a stout but unavailing resistance is made, and within two months of its complete investment London capitulates. This, of course, is the briefest possible outline of the campaign, which is fully described in a highly interesting narrative, whilst the condition of our regular militia and volunteers of all arms, the topographical features of the country, the strength of existing fortifications, and, in short, every detail, minute or otherwise, that can affect the question, is dealt with in a thoroughly painstaking, clear, and exhaustive manner, some of the tabulated facts and figures being of the greatest use and interest. It is of course, an imaginative work, but it discloses many unpleasant truths that in these days we cannot afford to neglect. It shows with unmistakable emphasis that our regular army is ridiculously below the strength necessary for the effectual defence of the Empire. What on earth should we do, for instance, if some Power, or combination of Powers, were to declare war to-morrow, when the flower of our army is inextricably locked up in Ireland? Call out the militia, and the volunteers? But what kind of front would they show, with their practical absence of military training, their inferior arms (the Snider is useless in modern warfare), and their inevitable want of steadiness under fire? It would be anything but difficult for a combination of European States to land 250,000 thoroughly trained and disciplined soldiers on our all-but unprotected shores, and against such odds our brave and willing, but inexperienced, and therefore ineffective, forces, could only retire, and fight furtively behind earthworks and hedges. Captain Barrington's book is the more striking because it is singularly moderate and sensible in tone, and sets up no impossible conditions for its basis.

The wretched condition of the canal population has been already told by Mr. George Smith, of Coalville; but his latest work, "Canal Adventures by Moonlight" (Hodder and Stoughton), ought to clear up any existing doubts as to the truth. Mr. Smith is not imaginative, nor has he any special literary power; but, for that very reason, his work is all the more weighty and telling. The pictures sketched by his simple untaught pen are a more frightful comment upon our civilisation than anything we remember to have read. At Heyford Ironworks he saw forty or fifty canal boats tied up for the night beneath the glare of the furnaces, and upon them vast numbers of women and children, many almost in a nude state, getting ready to crouch together in their little beds. In some instances where there was a "chap" assisting the family, he stood upon the bank till the man, woman, and children were "in bed," when he crept in among the children, the whole lying thus huddled together the night long in a cabin five feet square. Think of that in the sultry nights of summer, or after a toiling day of dripping rain. Think, too, of the tiny starving children, trudging with weary swollen feet along the endless towing paths—poor wails, hardly better in mind and body than the broken-down, ill-used brutes that drag their barges.

"The Technics of Violin Playing" of Karl Courvoisier, the celebrated teacher of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and pupil of Joachim, is an unpretending work that will, we think, find wide acceptance in this country. A translation by H. E. Krebhiel (William Reeves) has just been issued, and is illustrated in the clearest possible manner by really admirable drawings. The work has the unqualified approval of Herr Joachim himself; so perhaps any praise from us may seem superfluous. We can say, however, that the instructions for attaining the proper position of the left arm and hand, the attitude of the body, and position of the violin, the holding of the bow, and all the subtle details of tone production, are absolutely the best and most understandable we have met with, and that is saying not a little; for most "methods" and "manuals," not even excluding Spohr's, are anything but clear on these most important points. It is a pity, however, that the proofs were not read with greater care. For instance: we take it that the upper, not the under surface, of the chin rest, receives the curve of the jaw; and such a sentence as "The most potent medium of musical expression lies in dynamic variation," is scarcely calculated to encourage students of the fiddle who are not acquainted with the pedantic capabilities of the English language. One should be able to learn to play the violin without the aid of a dictionary.

"The Pianoforte Teacher's Guide" (W. Reeves) is another, and, perhaps, more remarkable instance of the improvement effected of late in manuals of its class. It is a translation, by Miss Fanny Ritter, of the well-known work by Louis Plaidy, the violinist, and pianoforte teacher for twenty years in the Leipzig Conservatory. To young teachers and beginners, and, indeed, students generally, the book will be simply invaluable. It is clear, thorough, as far as it goes, accurate, and concise; and its instructions are evidently founded upon a wide experience of the instrument, and a tasteful understanding of the requirements of true art. Every line almost is a piece of excellent advice; but we are particularly struck with the remarks on accentuation, a matter very imperfectly understood in this country, though one that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The book is admirable in every way.

The study of British ferns is a widely-followed and pleasurable pursuit, and lovers of it will find a manual of more than ordinary usefulness in a "Pocket Guide," by Marian S. Ridley (David Bogue). The author points out in her rather wordy preface that a fault of nearly all works on the subject is the difficulty they present to investigators anxious to distinguish the essential special features of each genus and species. "Tell me briefly what peculiarities to look for rather than an entire description of the fern," is the thought uppermost in the mind of the student, puzzled by a mass of details for the moment unimportant and always bewildering. This difficulty the book certainly appears to remove, and we should think all but ultra-scientific collectors will thoroughly appreciate it. The system adopted is tabular, and, therefore, clear; the remarks interesting, if in original English ("arise upwards" is, happily, an unusual phrase); and there is an index, a list of ferns suitable for the herbarium, and a guide to memory-taxing contractions of proper names.

The marked frequency with which Mr. James Platt's name is associated with a new volume suggests to the reviewer's mind a sort of suspicion, a kind of gentle consciousness, of the existence in the English language of such a word as "platitude." Mr. Platt's latest utterance is "Economy" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), a successor to his "Business," his "Morality," his "Money," and his "Life," to which praiseworthy volumes it bears a family resemblance. He treats in his usual painstaking fashion of Economy in the abstract, of Divine Economy, of Political Economy, and of National Economy. Whether his conclusions are always correct, however, we shouldn't like to say. We agree with him when he says, "Wealth is not created by Acts of Parliament;" and his reference to the Land Act, as a measure passed to benefit Peter at the expense of Paul, is being more emphatically justified every day; but we are altogether doubtful about his views on the Freedom of Trade. There is a good deal of talk about the danger of returning to "the fatal policy of the past;" but it is much easier for Mr. Platt to say with lofty magnanimity, "My advice is, Remove any existing restriction to Free Trade, home and foreign," than to carry his advice into effect. It is just our inability to remove these foreign restrictions that effectually checks the success of Cobden's scheme, and that sooner or later must force upon us the adoption of retaliatory measures in mere self-defence.

Colour-sergeants and non-commissioned officers generally will heartily welcome an unpretentious but highly useful and elaborate little book intended for their guidance, that makes its first appearance this year—"The Colour-Sergeant's Pocket Book for 1882" (Wm. Clowes and Sons). It is the work of Colour-Sergeant T. Campbell-Copeland, 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders, popularly

known as the Black Watch; and is absolutely a model of its kind. It is a sort of combined army list, postal guide, interest and weights and measures tables, ready reckoner, almanac, and diary; and it contains an enormous mass of information relating to the ordinary, extra, and deferred pay and pensions of all non-commissioned ranks in all branches of the service, to say nothing of notes on troop, battery, and company work, and rifle-shooting, chronological data, and other matters too numerous to mention. The perusal of it, indeed, has sensibly increased our respect for the higher grades of non-commissioned officers. The book, we understand, will be issued annually, and there will be separate editions for Great Britain, the Colonies, and India.

"Authorship and Publication" (Wyman and Sons) is a neat compendium of hints and rules that young or inexperienced authors will do well to obtain. The troubles attending the preparation of MSS., selection of a title, and arrangement of a book; the choice of paper, type, illustrations, and binding; the process of printing, and the important questions of publisher's arrangements, advertising, and copyright are fully and clearly explained; whilst the appendix, containing a variety of very useful, and sometimes recondite information, greatly increases the value of a handy and in some respects a novel guide.

The "London Atlas of Universal Geography" contains forty-four quarto maps, clearly engraved and carefully coloured. Besides the usual maps of the United Kingdom, two physical charts are appended, one showing the rainfall in different localities, the other giving the heights of the land and the depths of the sea in our islands and their neighbourhood. It is significant of the changes in political geography that Turkey in Europe no longer has a map to herself, but is lumped with the other States of the "Balkan Peninsula," while Turkestan, a region scarcely heard of five-and-twenty years ago, but now painfully familiar through Indian frontier anxieties, is furnished with a couple of sheets. Japan, too, not long since a *terra incognita*, has here a map of its own. So also have Fiji, Ceylon, and Tasmania; but surely, by the side of this lavishness, there is a want of proportion in allotting only a map apiece to such extensive and important regions as India and Australia. Let us venture on another little grumble. Where the scale is comparatively so small, it would be well, for the sake of distinctness, especially in such crowded countries as England and France, to omit the railways. It is a good idea in the map of Egypt to show the narrow fertile region meandering like a green snake along the course of the Nile. The index is very full and comprehensive; and altogether the Atlas is a very useful and workmanlike production.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

The obsequies of the old Eddystone Lighthouse are soon to be solemnised, and it will become necessary to decide whether the hoary structure is to be destroyed or removed in its honoured old age to some more sheltered spot. For more than a hundred years this heroic pile has withstood the combined fury of the winds and waves, and it would certainly be but a fitting tribute to the memory of the great engineer, whose work it was, if it were taken down, but to be erected again on some suitable point on the coast, where it might possibly do good service for another century. Many reasons exist for its being superseded by another structure, which was successfully lighted for the first time a few days ago. The old building, however, reflects the greatest credit upon John Smeaton, with whose name it must always be associated. The memorable rock on which the lighthouse stands has been seriously undermined by the sea, and this has been chiefly caused by the incessant straining of the foundations in consequence of the heavy sea-strokes upon the tower, which is still sound. The new lighthouse has been erected upon a good foundation, which was discovered about fifty yards off the old site, and, from the improvements which have been effected, it will doubtless prove a worthy successor of the earlier structure. In the present building a considerable addition has been made to the height of the former, which was only sixty-eight feet, and this will prevent the sea from obscuring the light and altering its distinctive character, which was frequently the case in stormy weather in the old lighthouse. The arrangements which have been made for raising the power of the lights to the first class will have the effect of increasing their range, so that it will extend to that of the Lizard Lights on the west and to a similar distance on the east; and this is a most important matter when we consider the position of the Eddystone Rock, and the enormous increase of shipping of late years. The old lighthouse, indeed, answered its purpose admirably for many years after its erection; but so different are our modern requirements of this kind from those of the beginning of the century that it has long been unsatisfactory, apart from the question of its stability.

The Eddystone Rock has been famous—or rather infamous—for centuries as one of the most fatal of those which surround this island. Solongago as 1696 was the first lighthouse erected there; but it was destined to have only an ephemeral existence. Mr. Winstanley, who was a country gentleman with a mechanical turn of mind, was the unfortunate author of the earliest structure. He had, long before his first and last effort in practical engineering, distinguished himself by a talent for ingenious mechanical jokes, which must have greatly exercised the uninitiated guests at his house in Essex. You placed your foot in a slipper in your bedroom, and a ghost started up from the hearth; you sat down in an easy chair and were made prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbour, and were set afloat upon the canal. Such, among others, were the playful pleasantries of this amateur mechanician. It was not, then, to be wondered at that the more serious device of such an intelligence should have been fantastic and unsound, and the only marvel is that it did endure the weather of the Channel for some three seasons. Having successfully completed a structure deficient in every element of stability, Winstanley was heard to express a wish that the fiercest storm that ever blew might arise to test the fabric. His wish was gratified. In the great storm of the twenty-seventh of November, 1703, the fiercest ever known in these latitudes, both the lighthouse and its author, who was engaged in a visit of inspection, were swept away.

The next structure was erected under the superintendence of a Mr. Rudyerd, who was certainly a man of genius, although it is singular that this country should not then have contained any one more competent for the undertaking than a silk mercer of Ludgate Hill, although he had raised himself from rags and beggary to a position of affluence by his talents and industry. Rudyerd, however, designed, and, with scanty assistance, constructed an edifice mainly of timber, courses of stone being introduced, but only in order to obtain the advantage of vertical pressure, which was even then recognised as a most important means of securing stability. This erection has been described as similar to a tree with iron roots, for the wooden beams which formed the base were bolted to the rock "so as to resist lateral displacement by iron branches spreading outward at the nether extremity, on the principle of that ancient and well-known instrument, the Lewis." It was a rectilinear frustum of a cone—a form suited to its material. It is indeed remarkable that a wooden structure should have withstood the weather and the wear of time for forty-six years, and yet, although it was certainly in bad repair, it might have lasted much longer, when in 1755 it met with the incongruous fate of destruction by fire.

John Smeaton's building was a vast improvement upon its predecessors. He was compelled to follow the shape of the rock, and to adapt his lower courses of masonry accordingly, an expensive process, which was avoided in other cases where there was a better

site. The conclusion as to the best shape for such buildings, which Smeaton reduced to practice for the first time in the case of the Eddystone Lighthouse, was afterwards enunciated by Alan Stevenson, the engineer to whom the magnificent erection on the Skerryvore Reef is due. "The stability of a sea-tower depends, *ceteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone, but as the forces to which its several horizontal sections are opposed decrease towards its top in rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve-line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it." The soundness of this reasoning has been proved by results, and, in spite of the splendid edifices which modern engineers have raised, Smeaton's name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest men of his own or any other day. His lighthouse was only sixty-eight feet high, and the diameter at the base was twenty-six feet, and at the top fifteen feet; and although it is far exceeded in magnificence of proportions by the Bell Rock lighthouse, which is 100 feet high, and has diameters of forty-two feet and fifteen feet at the base and top respectively, by the Skerryvore, which is more than 138 feet in height, and is otherwise of almost identical dimensions with the erection on the Bell Rock, and now by the present Eddystone lighthouse, it cannot be denied that at the time when it was built, and with an eye both to its exposed situation and the engineering skill of that day, it was a great scientific triumph. Of the difficulties which attended such a work in such a place Smeaton has left an invaluable account in the quaint folio in which he recorded his experiences, but it is fitting that such a man should have some tribute paid him by a maritime nation, and that some more lasting memento of his labours than that which can be contained in any volume should be preserved. It would be impossible to devise a more suitable monument than the re-erection of his masterpiece on some dangerous point of the coast, where, as the Smeaton Lighthouse, it might still continue to warn the mariners of the civilised world, and, now that its demolition is only a question of time, it must soon be decided whether this shall be done.

W. M. C.

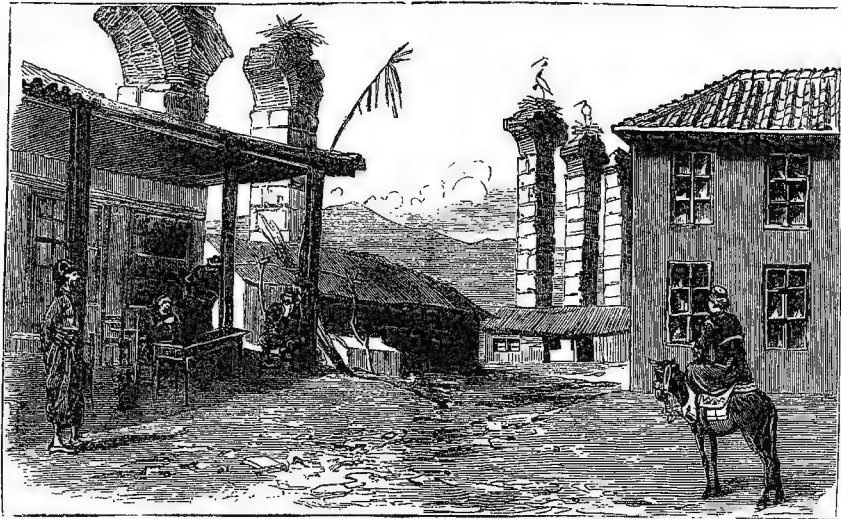


"THE QUESTION OF CAIN," by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is a very creditable specimen of workmanship. By knowledge of what to do, and of how to do it, the authoress has made the best of a story which would have failed completely in less skilful hands, and have been altogether wasted in stronger. If a novel had to be written, the story is good enough for the purpose, though it is of the kind which suggests that the story was made for the purpose of writing a novel, rather than that the novel was written for the sake of telling the story. Nothing, in the course of its development, is forgotten, except humour. It contains all the proper elements of an orthodox three-volume novel, from an apparently inextricable complication up to a striking title. From this it may be gathered that "The Question of Cain" stands upon that enviable middle level of merit which is at once too low for praise and too high for blame. Perhaps its most striking point is its bold suggestion that people in the country who suffer from diamond robberies ought to search the boxes of their guests instead of their servants, and that there are gangs of professional visitors to great houses who murder when they must, and steal when they can. For the rest, Mrs. Hoey's latest work is strictly common-place, both in matter and in style. Still it is something to be common-place when the result has evidently not been gained without more care than most novelists take in order to appear otherwise. All the circumstances of the plot are neatly arranged, and never transgress the limits of what novel-makers are licensed, by well established custom, to treat as probabilities.

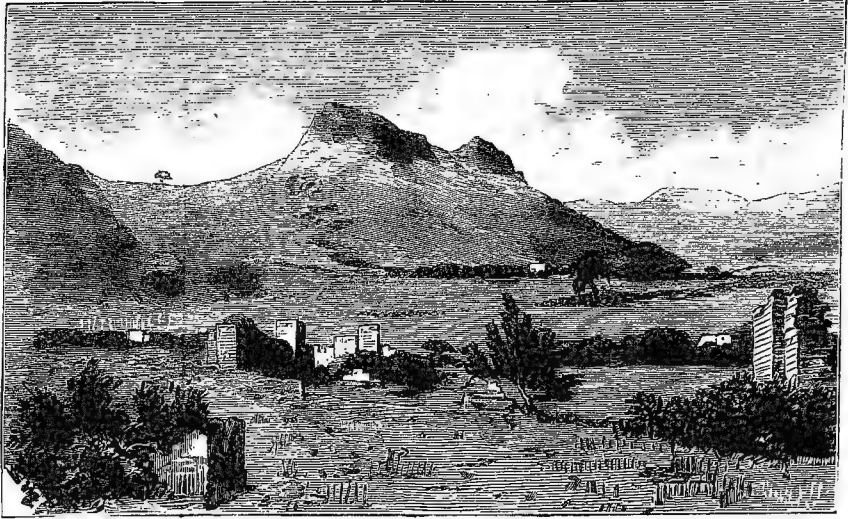
"A Heart's Problem," (2 vols. : Chatto and Windus), as stated by Mr. Charles Gibbon, is a very curious question indeed, and, if set in an examination paper, likely to induce general plucking. The problem is this. A young gentleman falls thoroughly, and honestly, in love with a girl whom he believes to be the niece of a poor Irish tailor. The girl disappears. Some little time afterwards, the young man is introduced to a rich, beautiful, and highly connected young heiress, so much the very image of the tailor's lost niece, in every imaginable respect, that to love her is merely a continuation of love for the other. In effect, the heiress and the poor girl are really one and the same. But she looks upon this love for her new self as disloyalty to her old self. What ought she to do? We are afraid that most people would say, Let her explain everything as soon as possible, so that there may be no chance of a misunderstanding. And we say "afraid," because such an answer would not satisfy the examiner, who is, in this instance, Mr. Gibbon. The true solution is—she should draw him on, leaving him in his strange mistake, till he became completely won, and then reject him with scorn. In effect, the problem is the very *pons asinorum* of sentimental mathematics: and we fear that, in spite of Mr. Gibbon's high authority, the greater number of students will persist in their belief that the foolish creatures who cannot pass in safety are the heroines who create misunderstandings instead of avoiding them. For the rest, the story is well and brightly told, and contains some good characters. In spite of the muddled condition of her wits, the girl is very charming, and her lover's selfish father is excellently managed. In short, novel readers may be cordially advised to look into Mr. Gibbon's problem for themselves.

The value of "Time and Chance," by Mrs. Tom Kelly (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), lies in its interesting, and apparently faithful, picture of life in the African diamond fields. Indeed it is for the sake of this account that the otherwise common-place story has been put together. If some of the more striking characters of the African episode, such as Mrs. Quarrier, are not portraits from life, they have all the air of being so. Nor is the padding, which forms the bulk of the novel without merit, however inferior. The descriptions of Scotch scenery have considerable freshness, and the tone of the whole work is graceful and tender. Mrs. Kelly avoids the downright methods of love-making with which novel-readers are familiar. Such a shy and young ladylike lot of young men are not often brought into being by a lady's pen. A plain question would frighten them: a plain "yes" would seem likely to kill them. However, these are not times when an excess of modesty, in either sex, ought to be regarded as a positive fault in a modern novel. Taken altogether, "Time and Chance" will please most readers, and has a really strong interest for all who are personally connected with South Africa.

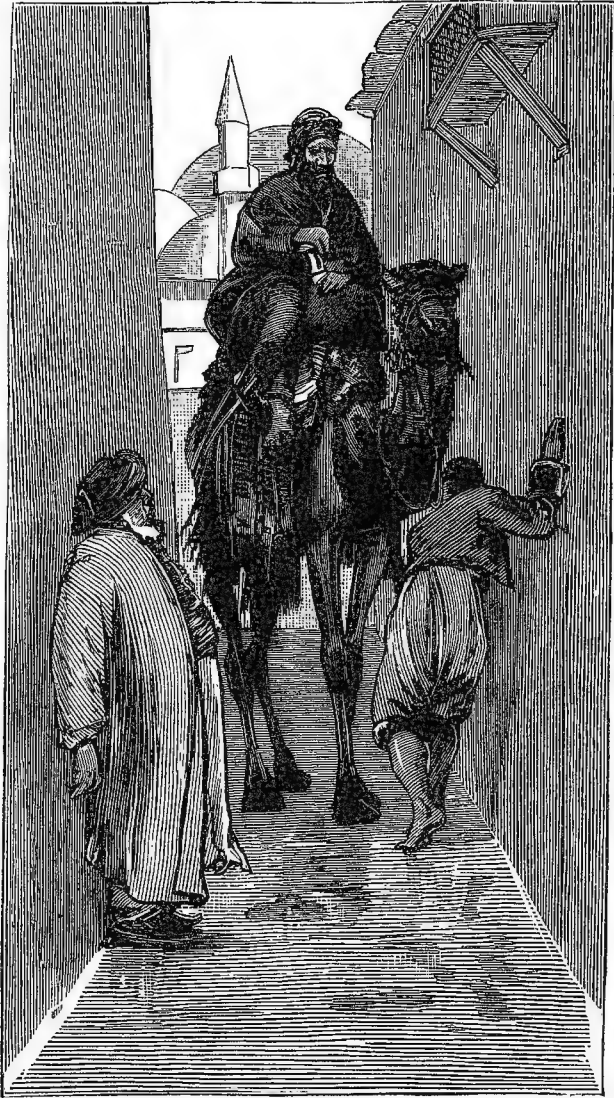
"Arthur Middleton," by Alfred E. Knight, with illustrations by Edward Holliday (2 vols. : Newman and Co.), is styled "A Tale of Art." It certainly has a young painter for a principal character; and, on the same principle, it might with much greater justice be called a Tale of Burglary, Murder, Madness, Death by Lightning, Apoplexy, Swindling—for upon these things, much more than upon Art, depends such interest as some few persons may contrive to find in this incoherent pantomime. The manner in which people murder and plunder each other and tumble about in fits, with and without provocation, suggests the performances of Clown and Pantaloon. Ill-natured people will find "Arthur Middleton" amusing; the good-natured will find it very much the contrary.



ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT EPHESUS



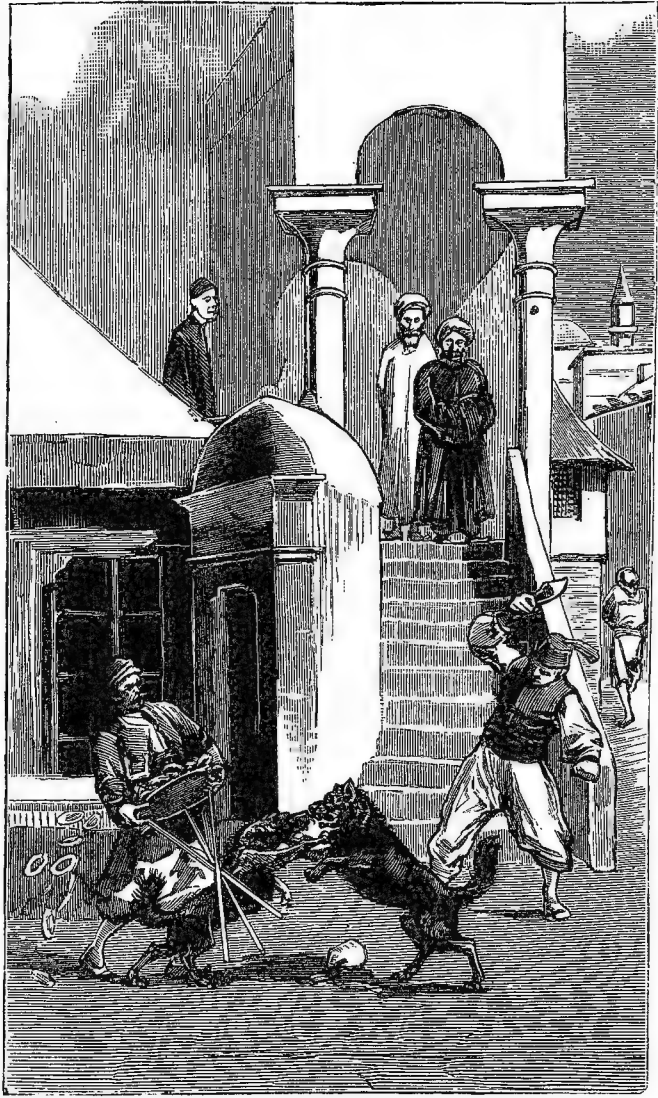
THE RUINS OF EPHESUS



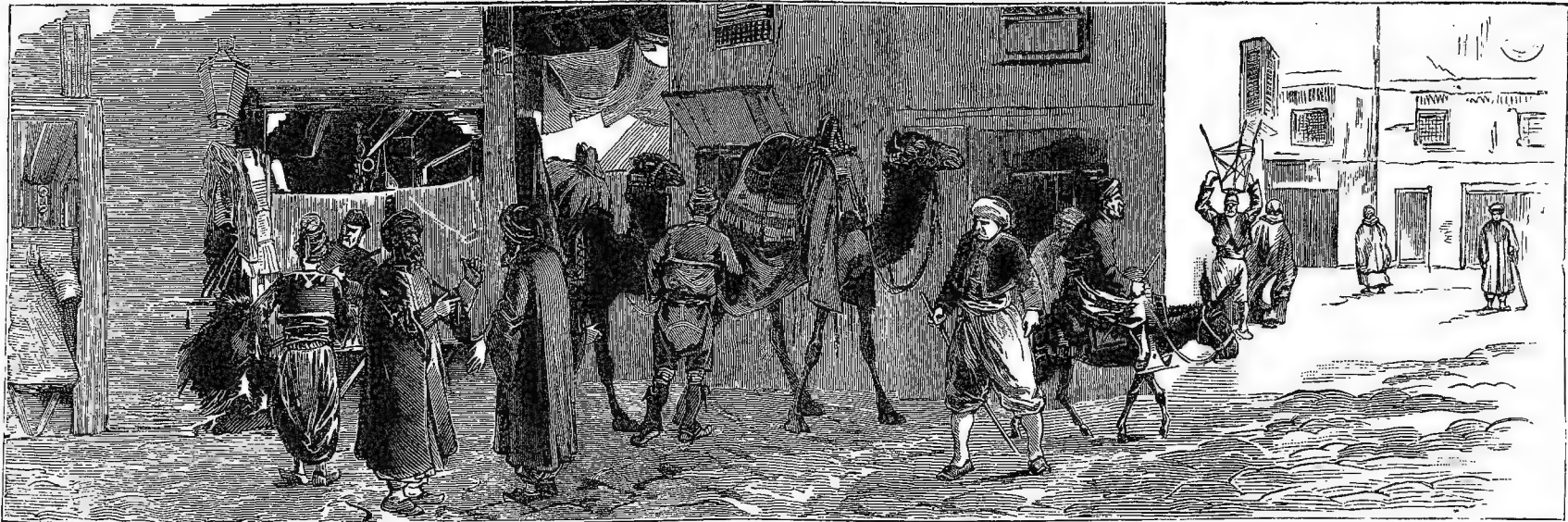
AN AWKWARD PATH



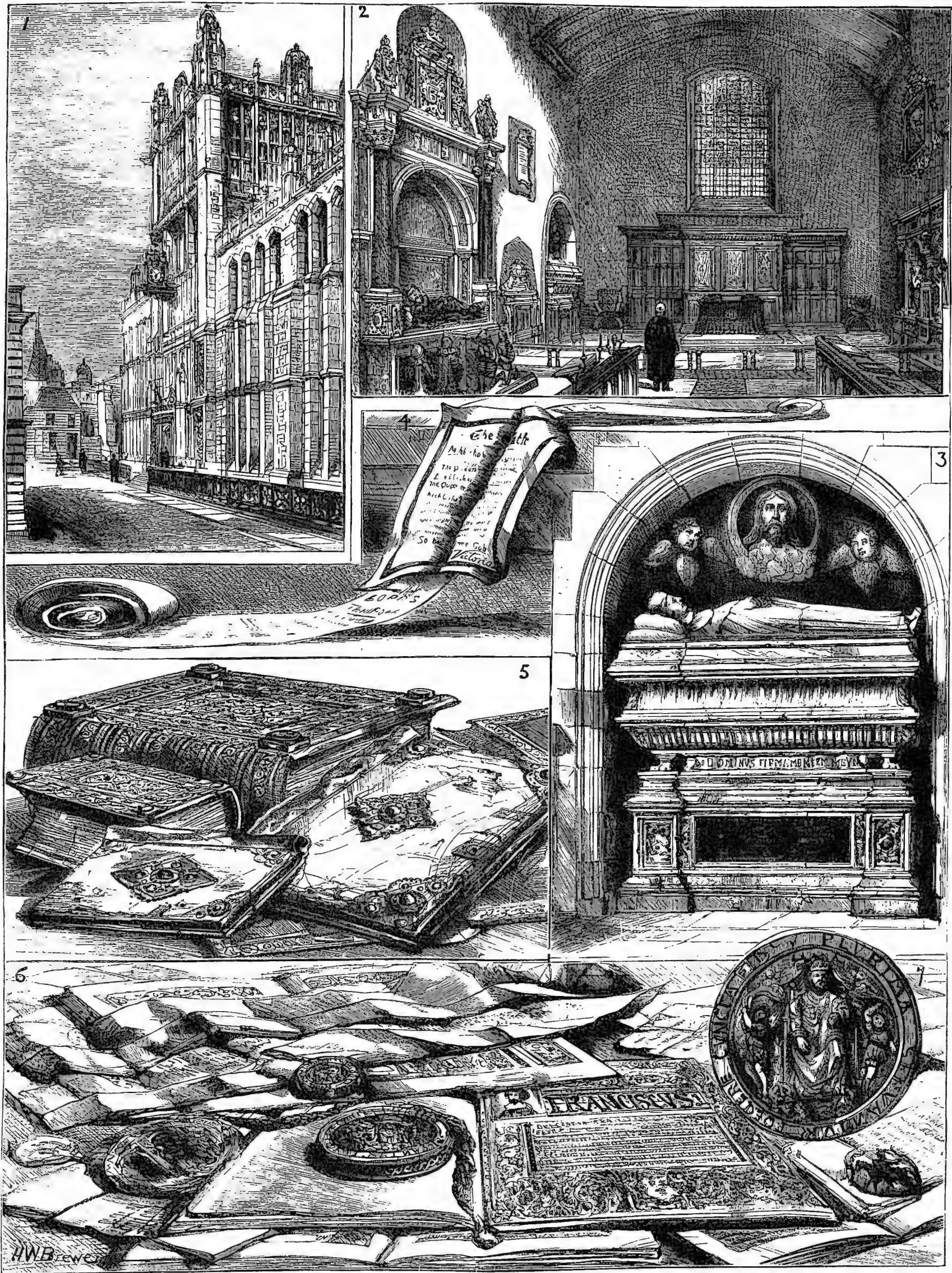
A ZEBEC



A STREET ENCOUNTER



THE BAZAAR AT SMYRNA



1. The New Record Office.—2. Interior of the Rolls Chapel, with Ancient Monuments to the Masters of the Rolls.—3. Monument to Dr. John Young, by Torrigiano.—4. The Queen's Coronation Oath.—5. Domesday Book.—6. The Golden Bull, Treaties of 1525-1527, Charter of Richard I., &c.—7. Golden Seal to Treaty of 1527.

THE ROLLS' HOUSE AND PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE



FRANCE.—Another week of absolute political quiet, the only noteworthy incidents being the discovery of a Legitimist agitation and the seizure of a large number of portraits of Henri V. intended for La Vendée, meetings of the ordinary Irreconcilable type, at which as usual wages have been denounced as robbery, and good Radicals have been urged to claim their rights by dint of the *Marseillaise* and the *Carmagnole*, and an article in the *République Française* holding up M. Gambetta as the personification of universal suffrage. Meanwhile the ex-Premier has gone for a short holiday to Italy, and his friends at home have been working hard to reorganise the parliamentary party of the Republican Union, of which M. Gambetta will take the leadership as soon as he comes back to Paris. He promises to make the group the "left wing of the Ministry," but, as has been very sensibly remarked, it will be a wing far more likely to attack the Cabinet on the flank than to render valuable assistance during a serious crisis. There is little or no Ministerial news this week. The Russian refugee Lavroff has been expelled from France, but to soothe the wounded feelings of the Radicals, M. de Freycinet has promised to modify the law which at present enables the Government to expel foreigners at will and to introduce a Bill restraining that right to cases where foreigners have been condemned by a legal tribunal.

In PARIS, the Cattle and Poultry Show in the Palais de l'Industrie has been very successful. Upwards of 600 cattle, sheep, and pigs, and 2,000 head of live poultry, together with a splendid collection of fruit, grain, and vegetables, and agricultural implements and machinery were exhibited. Amongst the last was the "cramming apparatus" for chickens and geese. The victims are placed in separate compartments, and every few minutes the attendant forces open their beaks and injects a certain amount of food down their throats. We wonder what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would say to this in England. There has been one theatrical novelty—the *Marchande des Quatre Saisons*, at the Ambigu Comique—a realistic play of that "naturalist" playwright, M. William Busnach. The public are getting rather tired of these constant portrayals of the lowest and most degraded strata of Parisian life, and the piece was very coldly received. M. Zola himself, the high priest of the new school, is very indignant at the strictures on his works which have been called forth by the recent action against him by M. Duverdy for naming one of his characters Duverdy in his novel now publishing in the *Gaulois*. In a letter to the *Gaulois*, he protests that he writes for an eminently moral purpose. "Not a line, not a page of *Pot Bouille* has been written by me without a moral intention. It is certainly a cruel work, but it is still more a moral work in the true and philosophical meaning of the word." On Wednesday the Court gave judgment on the case, and ordered M. Zola to obliterate M. Duverdy's name in the novel. M. Zola, it appears, admitted that he had selected several names from the circles he wished to depict in order to make his story more vivid. No damages were given to M. Duverdy, but he was awarded his costs.—The fourth annual exhibition of the French Water Colour Society opened on Thursday in its new premises, Rue de Séze. Amongst the noteworthy pictures are two charming domestic scenes, by M. Heilbuh, and two spirited military subjects by M. Detaille. One of them depicts a halt in the Kroumir country. M. Gustave Doré shows some characteristic "Recollections" of Scotland and the Engadine; M. Jacquet, a splendid female head; while M. Georges Vibert exhibits a remarkable picture of monkish life, entitled "L'Andante," in which a cardinal is seen reclining at his ease, listening to a monastic orchestra.

EGYPT.—England and France appear to be acting completely in concert with regard to the Egyptian crisis, and have now addressed a Collective Note to the other Powers of Europe expressing a desire that some understanding should be come to with regard to Egypt on the basis of the maintenance of the *status quo*, and respect for international engagements. The question has been universally discussed, and the wildest rumours have been set afloat in the various countries, some asserting that Prince Bismarck intends to set a German Prince upon the Khedive's throne. In Constantinople there is manifest uneasiness lest the Nationalist Party should be going too far, and the Sultan has despatched orders to the Khedive to "observe international treaties and maintain order," and has carefully informed the Powers of his having taken this step—being evidently anxious to maintain at least some appearance of sovereignty in view of future contingencies. In Egypt itself there is much apprehension and uncertainty. The European Controllers continue to protest against the Ministerial programme, and were significantly absent from the "holy carpet" ceremony at Cairo, while on his side the President of the Ministry continues to assure the Controllers that all foreign financial rights shall be most carefully respected. It becomes more manifest, however, every day that Arabi Pasha is now virtually dictator, and that the Parliament is completely and absolutely subservient to the military party. In an exceedingly interesting letter on Tuesday, the correspondent of *The Times* states that Arabi Pasha rules over the Cabinet with more absolute authority than even Prince Bismarck exercises. "He does not argue, but orders, and his word is law. I hear he paid a visit to his President yesterday, but he was accompanied by 400 officers. His Ministry is crowded with natives who beg of him every kind of favour. A double line of guards is necessary to keep off the petitioners. The people treat him with superstitious respect. Some hold him to be a direct descendant of the prophet. Others treat him as one inspired; a few think he may be El-Mahdi, the sacred Imam so long expected, who will restore Islam to its pristine glory." It is manifest from this account of the man that our difficulties with Egypt and Egyptians will not be easily settled, even if we obtain the collective action of the Powers. The national and religious fanaticism throughout northern Africa have been keenly aroused, and a capable leader has been found. History has proved that little else is needed to inspire Mahomedans to a dangerous outbreak against the domination of the European and Christian.

AUSTRIA AND THE HERZEGOVINA.—The military authorities are acting with considerable energy against the Dalmatian insurgents, but the great difficulty of the troops seems not to fight but to find the insurgents, owing to their essentially guerilla mode of warfare. The troops captured Ledenice last week, and this appears to have had a salutary effect upon the inhabitants of the Crivoscie, but in the other districts the agitation appears to be on the increase, and further proclamations urging the Herzegovinians to fight for union with Montenegro and Serbia have been issued. There is little doubt but that the agitation is maintained, and the sinews of war supplied from outside, and that the Pan Slavists of Russia are deeply concerned in the whole affair. Montenegrin and Servian officials declare that they have nothing to do with the insurrection, and Prince Nikita recently addressed his people, reminding them that Austrian rule is very different from Turkish rule, that military organisation must prevail in every country in Europe, and that the Montenegro of the present time is not the Montenegro of a short time since. Nevertheless it is evident that the popular sympathy both in Montenegro and in Serbia, carefully fomented by the

Russians, is wholly with the insurgents, who receive noteworthy aid from both countries. Help also seems to be coming from Italy, and an Italian vessel was recently captured in the Bocche de Cattaro laden with arms and ammunition.

RUSSIA.—Pan Slavism is also once more attracting serious attention here, both in official and popular circles. The sympathies of the present Czar with the cause are well known; and although since his accession Germany has worked hard to change his views, the Ignatieff influence has been too strong even for Prince Bismarck and Emperor William, and the official countenance of the movement is becoming more and more extensive every day. Thus the *Golos*, a journal which has sturdily maintained its independence and urged peaceful doctrines upon its readers, has been warned a second time, and is not allowed to be sold in the streets; while an article in the Pan Slavian *Russ*, calling for war and revenge upon Austria, has been passed by the Censor unnoticed. The reports that General Scobeleff is in disgrace with the Czar for his recent bellicose utterances also is warmly contradicted, and as a practical refutation of the fact the Czar has ordered two new ironclads to be named *Scobeleff* and *Geok-Tépé*.

The agitation against the outrages perpetrated on the Jews, despite all official protests against foreign interference in the internal affairs of the empire, has not been without some effect, and an official note has been published calling attention to the measures which have been taken to repress disorder. Thus in the South there have been 3,675 arrests, and 2,359 persons have been punished. In Warsaw the arrests numbered 3,151, and legal proceedings were taken against 2,302 persons. The note does not acknowledge what exceedingly light punishments were inflicted; and while it announces that a committee is considering the Jewish question, it carefully enunciates that, "in order to secure a satisfactory result, it is essential before all things that the question should not be envenomed by foreign influence or false reports."

The Coronation of the Czar, it is said, will now be postponed until September.—Prince Souvaroff, formerly Governor-General of the Baltic Provinces, and a great favourite of the late Czar, is dead. He was a grandson of the famous Marshal Souvaroff.

TURKEY.—A dastardly outrage has been committed upon two English naval officers, Captain Selby, of H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, and Captain Grenfell, of H.M.S. *Falcon*, by some Albanian shepherds. The officers were shooting near Artaki, on the Sea of Marmora, when a shepherd struck Captain Selby on the head from behind with an axe. Captain Grenfell at once went to his assistance, and fired small shot at his assailants. The officers, however, were eventually overpowered and bound, but the British Consul, Mr. Wrench, who fortunately was with the party, arrived on the spot, and, speaking Turkish, procured their release. Captain Selby's wounds are of a very serious nature, but it is hoped that he will recover. The British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, at once communicated with the Porte, and the arrest of the shepherds was immediately ordered, and a Turkish ironclad has been despatched to Artaki to aid the local authorities in an inquiry.

The Special German Embassy conveying to the Sultan the Order of the Black Eagle, arrived at Constantinople last week, and have been *filed* with great ceremony.

In ITALY the chief event has been a letter from the Pope to the Italian Bishops in which he enlarges upon the labours of the enemies of the Church for the destruction of all religion. He conjures them not to keep silent; to increase the action and encourage the work of the Catholic lay societies throughout Italy; to protest boldly in favour of the Pope's temporal independence; to organise and develop the Catholic Press at every sacrifice, and to bring the clergy to a sense of the difficulties of the situation.

On Monday, the body of Mr. Joseph Severn, who died at Rome in 1879, was removed from its temporary resting-place, and transferred to a grave next that of John Keats, as he had always wished. On Thursday the monument over his grave was to be inaugurated. It is a simple headstone, like that at the head of Keats's grave, having on the upper part a relief carving of a painter's pallet and brushes, corresponding to the well-known broken lyre on that of his friend.

GERMANY.—There is little news hence. The Ecclesiastical Bill is still being considered in Committee, and Prince Bismarck is said to be busy formulating his pet schemes for a tobacco monopoly and an accident assurance measure. Meanwhile the South Germans have been assisting in crushing the *Culturkampf* by a vote in the Munich Chambers in favour of the motion, abolishing the undenominational schools on the ground that they were supported by all Atheists and champions of modern revolution, and that they were hotbeds of unbelief.

The death is announced of the popular Jewish writer, Berthold Auerbach, whose novels and tales are well known in every European country.

INDIA.—The news from Afghanistan, as usual, is somewhat contradictory, one report declaring that Abdul Kudos Khan declines to obey the Ameer's orders to give up the Governorship of Herat to Yussuf Khan, and another that the Ameer has sent two lakhs of rupees and various presents to Herat, and that Abdul Kudos is, on the contrary, making all preparations to resist Ayoob should the latter attempt another expedition. This is far the more likely story of the two, and the Ameer, in addition, is said to be raising a new regiment at Candahar, and to be making himself far more popular by a more kindly treatment of Candahari notables.

The Nepalese conspiracy appears to have been more serious than was at first apprehended. There have been fifty-six executions, and a number of chiefs and officers have been imprisoned and kept in chains—amongst them, it is said, Puddum-Jung, a son of the late Jung Bahadur.

In BURMAH King Thebaw appears to be suffering from periodical attacks of *delirium tremens*, and the various political parties are speculating upon the chances of their claimant of the throne. The partisans of the Nong Yan Prince are numerous, though perhaps they do not form the most powerful faction, and a *Standard* correspondent states that emissaries, largely provided with funds, have gone to Bengal to take counsel with him. "The people," he states, "are groaning under the imposition of the most unjust taxes, and would gladly hail anything that would promise a new state of things."

UNITED STATES.—The House of Representatives have declined to consider the proposition that the Attorney-General's opinion should be asked as to the right of the British Government to imprison an American subject guilty of any crime, but arrested through the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and whether the United States has a right to demand his release. A debate followed upon the case of O'Connor, an American citizen, who is imprisoned in Ireland, and upon Irish grievances, Mr. Robinson making a Fenian speech, and Mr. Robeson, the leader of the Republicans, deprecating any attempt to involve the United States in Irish quarrels. On Wednesday Mr. Cox, a Democrat, argued that this was no party question, but one connected with the highest prerogative of citizenship. Mr. Robinson then made a violent attack on Mr. Robeson, who replied, saying that "Irish freedom could not be obtained on the floor of the American Congress by interrupting its proceedings with demagogical orations." After a scene of confusion, the matter was again relegated to the Foreign Committee, with instructions to extend the inquiry to the cases of Michael Hart, H. O'Mahoney, and John M'Enery, the resolution to be considered also containing a request to the President to demand from England the prompt trial of these prisoners or their prompt release.

The proposed Congress of South American States is attracting considerable attention, some States are willing, others reluctant, while Mexico apparently cannot make up its mind.—Subscriptions are being raised in Philadelphia for the 300 Russian Jews who are on their way across the Atlantic in the *Illinois*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN there has been considerable excitement respecting the proposed Carlist pilgrimage to Rome, and after various negotiations with the Vatican the latter expressed a desire that the Government should prohibit it. The Spanish Cabinet, however, wish the initiative to come from the Vatican.—In SWITZERLAND the upper part of the Risikopf continues to move steadily downwards and it is now considered certain that when the spring rains set in the loose mass will fall into the valley.—From PERSIA an epidemic disease resembling plague is said to have broken out near Sanbulagh.—The rising in ARABIA appears to be on the increase. The movement is headed by Ibon Aid, a son of the Prince of Asir, assassinated in 1870. The Turkish authorities at Medina are stated to be blockaded, while Hussein Pasha is powerless at Yemen.—In CANADA the revenue for the year ending June 30th was 5,900,000, and the expenditure 5,000,000. The exports were 2,000,000, in excess of the preceding year, and the increase was wholly due to the British trade.—From SOUTH AFRICA the Basuto difficulty is on the increase, and Lord Kimberley has agreed to the proposal that the Basuto Award, unless complied with, shall at once be cancelled, and the Government then left free to enforce order. Masupha accordingly is said to be preparing for war.



THE Queen has spent a short time in town this week. Before leaving the Isle of Wight Her Majesty received the Earl of Kenmare, who presented the Address from the House of Lords in reply to the Royal Speech, while the Queen also entertained at dinner Mrs. Drummond of Megginch, and Colonel Sir Charles Pearson, Governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero officiated, and next evening Lady and the Misses Cochrane, and Canon Prothero dined with the Queen. On Thursday Her Majesty and the Princess were to leave Osborne for Buckingham Palace, where the Queen would hold her first Drawing Room of the season next day, returning to Windsor to-day (Saturday). Her Majesty will pay a short visit to town in about ten days to hold a second Drawing Room on March 1st, and on the 15th the Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave for the South of France. The Royal party will cross from Portsmouth to Cherbourg in the *Victoria* and *Albert*, escorted by the *Alberta*, and the Admiralty and Trinity House yachts *Enchantress* and *Galatea*, and will then take special train straight to Mentone.—Her Majesty sends daily to enquire after Sir Michael Costa's health.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at the end of last week went down to Windsor to see the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. On Saturday the Prince and Princess and their three daughters went to the Albert Hall to witness the military assault of arms in aid of the funds of the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, the Duke of Edinburgh and his four children, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their two sons joining the Royal party. The Prince also was present at a meeting of the British Museum Standing Committee, and dined at Willis's Rooms with the members of the Savage Club, of which he has been elected an honorary life-member. Subsequently he visited the club rooms in the Savoy. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, while on Monday night, they, with the Duke of Edinburgh, went to the Haymarket Theatre. The Prince and Princess and the Duke went to Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, when the Princess was presented with a bouquet by two children from the Foundling Hospital. On Wednesday evening the Prince was present at the second concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess were to be present at a ball given by the Honourable Artillery Company. On March 1st, the Prince, as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, will preside at the festival dinner of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers in commemoration of the corps' majority.—Princes Albert-Victor and George are shortly expected in Egypt.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will open the new Eddystone Lighthouse at the end of next month. To-night (Saturday) the Duke presides at the dinner in aid of the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association.—The Duchess of Connaught is much better for the change to Windsor, although her recovery is somewhat slow. Her indisposition was due to a serious error in the drainage of Bagshot Park—the fault of a careless workman—as she had been going on exceedingly well since her *accouchement*, and it was thought necessary to remove her at once from the injurious atmosphere. The Duchess has been serenaded by the band of the Horse Guards, and Princess Louise stayed with the Duke and Duchess from Saturday to Monday, accompanying the Duke on Sunday to the afternoon service in St. George's Chapel. The Princess has become patroness of the Women's Emigration Society.—Princess Christian has returned from Berlin, the Prince remaining for a short time longer in Germany. The Princess on Saturday laid the foundation-stone of a new church to replace St. James, Westbourne Terrace.—Prince Leopold has recovered from his illness, and is expected in England with his *fiancée* next Tuesday. He will preside on March 14 at the festival of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen Square.

The Empress of Austria continues to enjoy admirable sport in Cheshire, and goes out daily with one of the neighbouring packs of hounds.—The ex-Empress Eugénie visited Chislehurst last week.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have made their State entry into the Norwegian capital for the first time since their marriage, great festivities taking place.—Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, has been seriously ill with neuralgic headaches.—The Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna, wife of the Czar's eldest brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, continues very ill.



CONVOCAION.—On Tuesday both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury assembled for the despatch of business. Petitions were presented to both Houses praying for the release of the Rev. S. F. Green. The Primate, who presided, spoke in support of a scheme for a proposed Board of Missions, and it was resolved to appoint a joint Committee of both Houses to consider the subject. In the Lower House Canon Jeffreys presented a *gratiamen* against the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. On Wednesday the Upper House discussed Mr. Green's imprisonment and adopted a petition to the Crown praying for his release.—The Convocation of York also met on Tuesday. In the

Upper House a Committee was appointed to consider and report on the constitution and management of Queen Anne's Bounty, the yearly income of which was stated to be 15,000*l.*, while the cost of management is over 7,000*l.* The Lower House adopted a resolution declaring the continued imprisonment of Mr. Green to be a "perplexity and a scandal," and whilst not committing itself to any expression of opinion as to Mr. Green's conduct, requested the Upper House to take steps for his release.

THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.—From a statement just issued by the Bishop of London it appears that the diocese is now coextensive with the county of Middlesex, in which the total population, has increased from 2,205,484 in 1861, to 2,918,814, besides a vast population which has been transferred to the new diocese of Rochester and to that of St. Albans. A large number of parishes in the central portions of London, however, are actually less populous than they were twenty years ago. Thus there are within the city only 50,526 souls, for whom there are still sixty churches. It is hoped that what has been effected by means of the Bishop of London's Fund to meet the great spiritual deficiencies which existed at the time of its formation, and which have since arisen from the rapid growth of the population, will encourage the public to supply undiminished resources to enable the committee to deal with the important work which still lies before them, the scale of endowment is miserably small, and there is no fund for repairing the new churches which have been built. It is pointed out that if by the sale of the materials and sites of one or two superfluous churches 20,000*l.* could be raised, repair funds of 200*l.* each could be raised for one hundred churches in poor districts; and a hope is expressed that the Legislature will be able to devote its attention to the subject.

THE DEAN STANLEY MEMORIAL.—Mr. S. Morley, the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and the Rev. Dr. Allon, as members of the Memorial Committee, have issued a special circular to Nonconformists asking for subscriptions. They say "the name of our departed friend is held in so much honour by many Nonconformists on account of his Catholic spirit, that we feel sure they will be glad to be represented by contributions to this proposal to do honour to his memory."

THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.—On Friday last week the new Dean of Carlisle preached at St. Thomas's, Chapel Court, Regent Street, on behalf of the funds of this Guild, which is now three years old, and numbers about 500 members, 100 of whom are clergymen, and 150 connected with the stage. Dean Oakley taking for his text the words in St. Mark's Gospel, "He that is not against us is on our part," proceeded to show that recreation is an inseparable part of life, and its vindication from abuse a special duty of the day; that dramatic appeals to the imagination may be an innocent and even elevating form of recreation; that there is no reason why Christians should oppose the stage, while there are many reasons why they should seek occasions for showing respect and sympathy for all modern forms of dramatic representation which their consciences sanction; and, further, that it is necessary that those who represent the stage should constantly endeavour to raise the character of their profession.

THE "RECORD," which was started in 1828, and which is now published on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, is shortly to appear as a weekly paper; suitable changes being made in its shape and size. The editor in announcing the change alludes to the dual character which it has hitherto sustained as a political as well as religious newspaper, and says that, "While the introduction of penny daily papers, and other and various means of providing current news in their freshest form, has to a great extent removed the necessity for a general newspaper such as the *Record*, the vastly increased and increasing religious energy observable on all sides, both in the Church and outside, energy for good, and energy for evil, makes it every year more important that the *Record* should hold its own as the champion of sound Evangelical truth."



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—Mr. Rosa produced his second announced novelty on Tuesday night, with a splendour and completeness that left success beyond all doubt. With regard to *Tannhäuser* itself there is not a word to be said, *pro* or *con*, which has not been written over and over again. Although, in Germany and elsewhere, the most popular of Wagner's operas, it has not won over so many convinced adherents in England as *Lohengrin*. Now, however, the indefatigable Mr. Rosa has afforded it a new chance; and, if we may judge by the unanimously expressed opinion of the audience throughout the entire performance on Tuesday, a chance in every respect favourable. *Tannhäuser* has always been regarded in his own country as Herr August Schott's most perfect Wagnerian assumption, and his English Anglo-German audience at Her Majesty's Theatre found no reason to question the opinion of connoisseurs who may be supposed, on the grounds of long experience, to have carefully adopted it. The execution of the difficult music, under the vigilant guidance of Mr. Alberto Randegger was in most instances admirable; the overture was encored, but (wisely) not repeated; the three tableaux—"Interior of the Venusberg," "Minstrel," Hall in the Wartburg Castle," and "Valley before the Wartburg," (one for each act)—are masterpieces in their way; the performers were called after each act (three times after the last); and an absolute and well-deserved success was the issue.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the first concert was excellent, and the reception of Mr. G. W. Cusins, Sir Sterndale Bennett's successor, as conductor, when the concerts were still held in the Hanover Square Rooms, the home of so many artistic triumphs, was unanimously cordial. The opening piece was the overture to *Der Freischütz*—first performed in England at a Philharmonic Concert as far back as 1824, three years after the opera itself, the undoubted *chef d'œuvre* of its composer, had been brought out in Berlin, and before its production at either of our great London theatres. This played by an orchestra some eighty in number, with Herr Wiener (in the compelled absence of Herr Ludwig Straus) as principal violin, created a lively impression. Next followed the "Chorus of Reapers" from Liszt's *Prometheus* ("Aehrenbekränzte Göttin"—text by Herder), a compromise between prettiness and mystification, the former predominating. The execution of the vocal part in this did credit to the members of the new Philharmonic Choir; but the general effect was not very striking. Coming immediately after such an example of the "advanced" school, Bernhard Molique's admirable and finely knit concerto in A (his fifth) was a feast of music for music's sake. The concertos and other works of the late Stuttgart violinist and composer are too little thought of nowadays. Except, however, the concertos of Spohr, in some degree Molique's accepted model, and those two miracles by Beethoven and Mendelssohn (which stand apart), they are unquestionably the most perfect things in their kind. Molique's favourite pupil was a youth named Carrodus, who now not only stands foremost among English-born violinists, but holds his own against any foreign competitor. Superbly as he renders the works of other

composers (excluding none), Mr. Carrodus never plays more lovingly, throwing more heart and soul into his task, than when absorbed in the performance of one of the concertos of his valued friend and master. There was no solo singing at this concert. Nevertheless, the simple and devoutly expressive quartet, "God is a Spirit," from Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, was given by Misses Marriott and Orridge, Messrs. F. Boyle and Barrington Foote—hardly, it must be admitted, with such careful "ensemble" as might have been desired. The first part of the concert terminated with a spirited performance of Wagner's turbulent and occasionally somewhat confused overture to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*; the second being exclusively devoted to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in which the Philharmonic Choir had a much more responsible task than in the selection from Liszt's *Prometheus*.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The concert of Wednesday evening, which included some operatic selections, calls for no special remark. Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli distinguished themselves respectively in their renderings of Gounod's "Lend me your aid" (*Reine de Saba*); Handel's "O ruddier than the cherry" (*Acis and Galatea*); and the drinking song from Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Miss Mary Davies sang "I'm Alone" (*Lily of Killarney*), very sweetly, and Madame A. Sterling gave an effective delivery of "O Fatima" (Weber's *Abu Hassan*). On Ash Wednesday (February 22nd), there will be a Sacred Concert; the next Ballad Concert will take place on March 1.

WAIFS.—Herr Anton Rubinstein's lately declared resolve to abandon public playing seems hardly in consonance with the fact that he has recently given a series of pianoforte recitals at Erard's Concert Room, in Paris. While lavishly eulogising his execution of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* (with which he has so often favoured London audiences), some critics do not appear to care immeasurably for his interpretations of Chopin and Mendelssohn, an indifference with which they will find many to coincide; and it is probable that not a few who think more about the composer than about the executant, would feel inclined to add Weber and Beethoven to the list.—Mercadante's long-forgotten opera, *Gli Orsini e I Curiani* (founded on the *Horaces* of Corneille), is about to be revived at the San Carlo, Naples. We fear it will be something like the resuscitation of dry bones. Though a cultured musician and accepted *maestro di capella*, the published works of Mercadante are at the best what Wagner styles "Kapellmeister's Musik."—The *Nero* of Anton Rubinstein has again been produced at the Hamburg Opera, where the Carltheater Viennese *buffo* company are once more expected. The contrast will be interesting.—The centenary of the birth of Metastasio, that poet to whom so many Italian composers were at one period indebted for "classical" *libretti*, is to be celebrated at Rome in April.—The great Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, has accepted a three months' engagement for a tour in Russia, to begin next month at St. Petersburg.—The intention of producing Gounod's last opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, at Antwerp, is temporarily suspended. Meanwhile Lecocq's latest masterpiece, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, is to be substituted (!).—M. Maurel, "the Hamlet after Faure," has cancelled his engagement with the Marseilles Opera, being, it is said, dissatisfied with the company as at present constituted. The Marseilles Opera, will, nevertheless, it is hoped, survive the shock.—The *Herodiade* of M. Massenet is to be produced at the Scala, Milan; Cesare Copponi, the ballet-master, has already been sent to Brussels to see how they get up the *divertissement* in that city.



AGRICULTURISTS have heard with satisfaction that "the mildness of the weather has been eminently suited to farming operations," but they would have been more pleased had the Cabinet gone on to guarantee immunity from frosts in March and May. Certainly the winter has been a propitious one, yet with the well-known fickleness of the English climate we doubt whether the Government will ultimately profit by the mixing up of their legislative efforts with the character of the seasons. Already they may hear serious murmurs as to the total omission of agricultural measures from the list of projected reforms. Farmers feel that the life-and-death struggle of the greatest of national industries is a more weighty matter than questions of *clôture* or closure, Gog and Magog, or even than County Boards.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION will probably have finished taking evidence by the end of the present month, so that, with moderate assiduity on the part of its members, we ought to have its report by Easter. Of the evidence taken it is impossible to speak too highly. It has been most thorough, the questioning of witnesses has been searching and able, with the natural result of a vast amount of valuable information being elicited. Farmers examined have come out well in almost every case, business habits and careful management having been shown to have kept them afloat under circumstances which have put to test all their capacities. The evidence, however, shows but too surely how severely has been the strain from 1875 to the end of last year.

BARLEY is now being sown, for the season is well forward, and farmers have been looking up good seeding samples at the country markets. As wheat should only be sown on wheat land, so barley should be risked only in the free, easy, good-hearted loams and special soils adapted to our most delicate cereal. In such circumstances the produce should be worth certainly 40*s.* per quarter, and five quarters per acre should be grown in ordinary years, giving as good result as four quarters of wheat at 50*s.* per quarter, and with more probability of making 50*s.* than wheat has of realising 60*s.* per quarter, considering the foreign competition in the latter case. The present average price of barley, between 32*s.* and 33*s.* per quarter, must be regarded as exceptionally low. The crop of 1881 suffered greatly from the wet weather of August, and samples since harvest have usually been poor both in quality and condition.

POULTRY KEEPING.—We are indebted to a private correspondent for the following interesting account of a year's poultry keeping. "On January 1st, 1881, my stock consisted of eleven hens and one cock. During the twelve months to December 31st inclusive, I had 1,511 eggs, and set five hens. These latter hatched and reared fifty-three chickens. My clear profit in the twelve months, after paying for food, coops, and everything connected with my poultry, amounts to five guineas, and I have retained twenty hens and two cocks, with which to commence the new year. During the month of January I had 133 eggs." These experiences should encourage many country residents to try poultry-keeping on a moderate scale.

RENT REMISSIONS varying from 10 to 25 per cent. have been made since the beginning of the year by the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Leicester, Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., the Earl of Stradbroke, the Earl of Coventry, Lord Edmund Talbot, Lord Walsingham, Lord Forester, the Hon. E. S. Parker-Jervis, the Earl of Bradford, and many other important landowners.

"WORK AND WAGES."—At Carlisle Hiring Fair there was a large attendance of farm "hands." Work being well advanced, farmers were disinclined to give the high wages asked, and finally

succeeded in procuring labourers at decidedly moderate terms, such at least we consider 6*l.* for the spring quarter for thoroughly efficient farm servants.

THE CUCKOO was heard on the 6th inst. at Halleaths, near Lochmaben. So at least says the *Carlisle Patriot*. We await confirmation of this heralding of spring.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A ring ouzel has recently been shot at the Isle of Purbeck in Dorsetshire. This would appear to show that a bird hitherto regarded as invariably migrating at the end of the summer does occasionally spend the winter with us.—A correspondent announces the capture of a rare thrush known as White's, at Pocklington in Yorkshire.—A peregrine falcon has recently been shot near Stowlangtoft in Suffolk.



THE new taste for farcical comedies, which are in fact merely what used to be called farces, though now extended to three acts or more, shews some signs of approaching exhaustion. A new piece of this kind produced at the COURT Theatre on Wednesday evening under the title of *The Manager* met with a reception as nearly approaching to absolute condemnation as anything we are accustomed to witness in these days of comparatively mild theatrical demonstrations. It was nevertheless founded on a French piece, which, under the name of *La Mari de la Débutante*, enjoyed some success a year or two ago at the Palais Royal Theatre, and the labour of adapting this production had moreover been entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. Burnand. The truth is that Mr. Burnand in his attempt to eliminate the cynical satire of the original has been reduced to content himself in a great degree with its mere riotous humours, elements which, though tolerable enough, and often highly diverting in association with some ingenious design, can hardly be made effective alone. It is like endeavouring to make a meal out of the sauces in the absence of the substantial viands of the entertainment. That Mr. Burnand has not thought it well to follow the rather Mephistophelian philosophy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, who seem to have been desirous of showing that a popular *prima donna*, however exemplary in the outset of her career, cannot possibly continue to be a faithful wife, is certainly no legitimate ground of complaint; but the story which he has substituted is almost of necessity thin and purposeless, and the perpetual racket maintained by the personages in the absence of more genuine sources of entertainment, manifestly wearied the audience. The best feature in the performance is Mr. Clayton's impersonation of a vulgar theatrical speculator, who at home is known only as a parochial official, and a district registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. The notion of representing this perplexed but energetic gentleman as divided between his duty in conducting a marriage ceremony and his anxiety to secure a substitute for a rebellious *prima donna* is a droll one, and the climax which is furnished by his carrying off the bride with this object, closely followed by the indignant husband, created a good deal of merriment; though the superabundance of bustle and clamour finally provoked a protest from some spectators. Other leading characters are energetically sustained by Miss Lottie Venn, Mr. Anson, Mr. Boucicault, jun., Mr. Kemble, Miss Measor, Miss Linda Dietz, and Miss Carlotta Addison.

The new comedy is preceded by a little play in one act, by Mr. Boucicault, jun., entitled *My Little Girl*, and founded on Messrs. Besant and Rice's story of that name. This trifle develops the notion of a gentleman approaching middle-age, who gives up his dream of love, after a struggle, because he has become convinced that the happiness of the object of his affections requires the sacrifice. The situation is perhaps a little overcharged with sentiment. Middle-aged gentlemen crying because they cannot get ladies who are young enough to be their daughters to fall in love with them do not easily command the spectator's sympathy; but it must be confessed that this character is played with excellent moderation by Mr. Clayton. Commendable care is bestowed upon the cast of this trifle—other parts being assigned to Miss Measor, Miss Carlotta Addison, and the author of the piece. The first performance was very favourably received.

Complaint having been made that a somewhat ambiguous note in the playbill of the PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre has led several critics into supposing that the adaptor of the piece called *The Marble Arch* has merely borrowed an idea from a German story-writer, whereas he has appropriated a German play, Mr. Rose has written to assure his censor that he had no intention to deceive. These accidental equivocations, however, are, it must be confessed, rather too frequent among adaptors when they come to confess their obligations. Even in this explanation Mr. Rose has fallen into another ambiguity no less likely to mislead, for he claims credit for compressing a tedious piece "in twenty scenes" into a neatly-constructed little play, omitting to remind the reader that the Germans, like the French, use the term "scene" to denote every change in the number of interlocutors on the stage. In other words a new scene with them is assumed to commence after every entrance or exit. The truth is, that in our use of the term "scene" *Die Versucherin* and is in one scene only, instead of being the "elaborately straggling" and tiresome production which Mr. Rose insinuates, it is a brisk, lively, and well-constructed little piece. More than that, it is, with the exception of some unimportant alterations, absolutely identical with *The Marble Arch*.

Mr. Anthony Trollope has given his sanction to the proposal of Mr. Pottinger Stephens to adapt his novel entitled "Dr. Wortle's School."

It is, we believe, the intention of the Administration of the Paris Opera to let the boxes in future for the season by public auction. This system is unknown in this country, though it is common enough for outside speculators to traffic in seats for popular performances, and considerable gains are sometimes reputed to be made in this way. The proposal to admit subscribers to the green-room of the opera only on payment of 2,000 francs per annum seems to be of more doubtful advisability.

The annual benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund is to take place at Drury-lane Theatre on Monday, March 26th. As usual, a vast programme of miscellaneous entertainments, in which numerous distinguished performers will take part, has been prepared for the occasion.

A new drama entitled *Destiny*, written by Mr. W. F. Lyon, was announced for production on Thursday afternoon at the GLOBE Theatre.

At Easter Mr. Boucicault intends, we understand, to commence a series of representations of national Irish dramas in Dublin, arrangements being in progress for that purpose with Mr. Gunn.

Offenbach's latest opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, will be produced at the new ROYAL AVENUE Theatre. The house, however, will open with a revival of *Madame Favart*.

Mr. Herman Merivale's play, *The Cynic*, at the GLOBE Theatre, has been withdrawn, after a brief trial. Its place will be occupied on Monday next by a revival of *Mankind*, an elaborate melodramatic spectacular play by Mr. Paul Meritt and Mr. George Conquest, originally brought out last summer at the Surrey Theatre. The cast will be strengthened for the



MR. ROBERT ALFRED HERMAN
Trinity College, Senior Wrangler

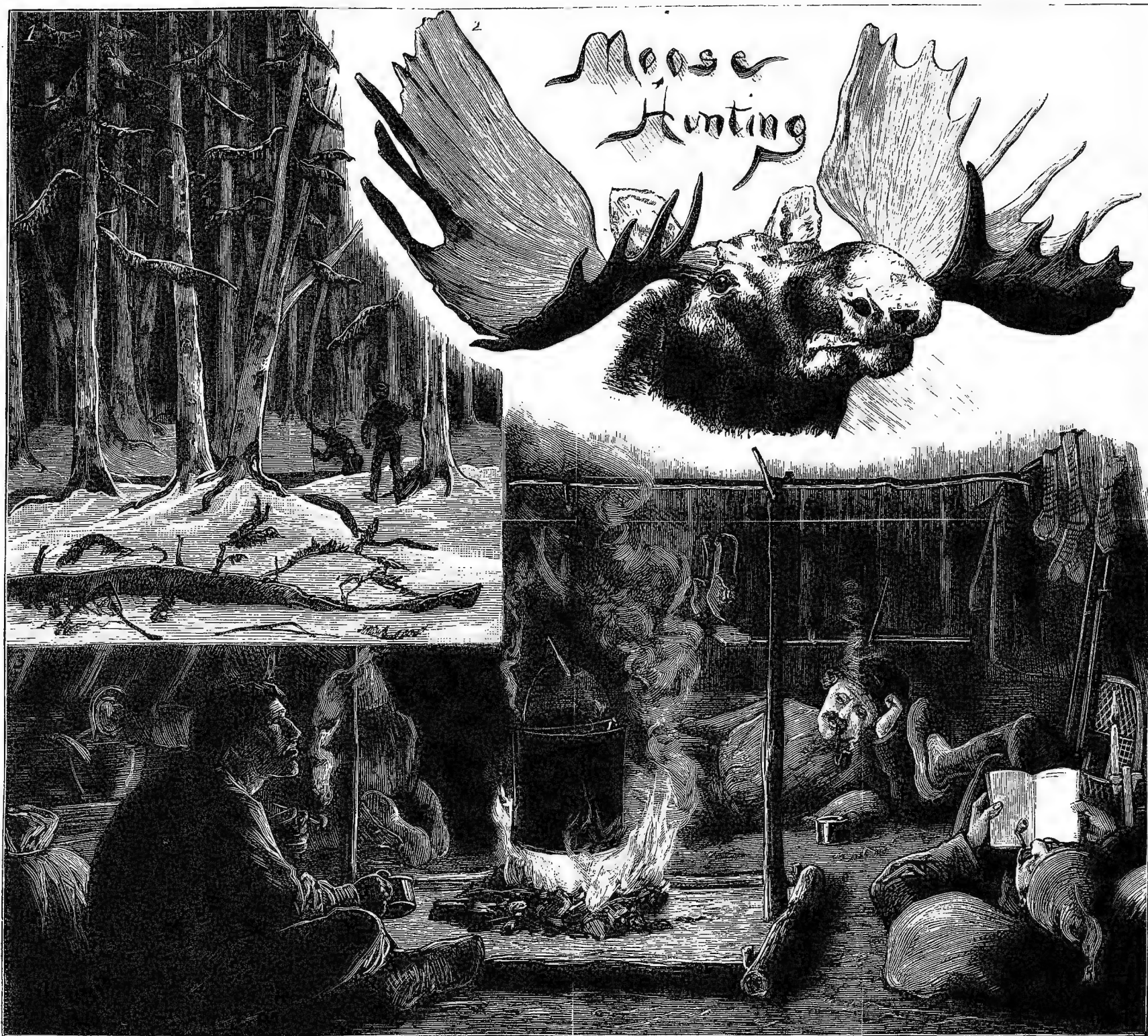


MR. JOHN SHAPLAND YEO
St. John's College, Second Wrangler



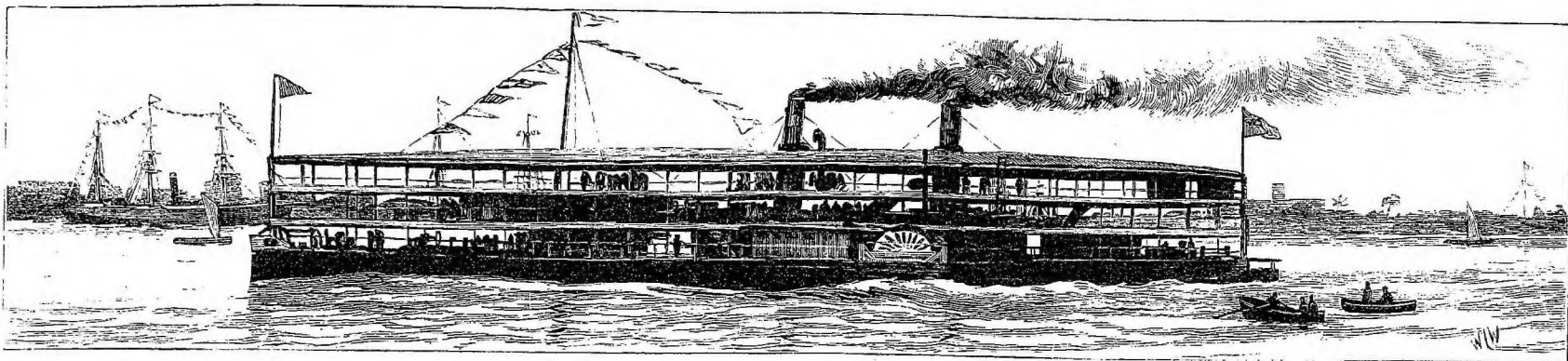
MR. SIDNEY LUXTON LONLY
Sidney Sussex College, Third Wrangler

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

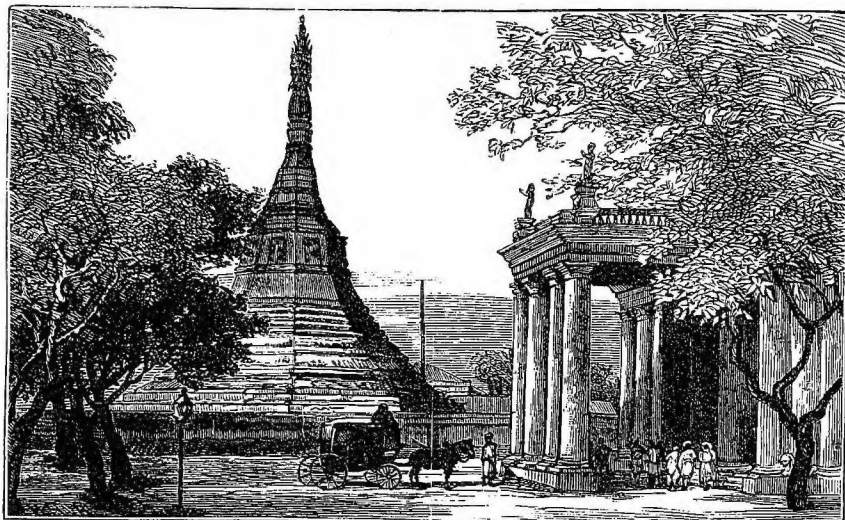


1. Moose-Creeping : Indian Testing Ice on a Frozen Stream.—2. A Fine Head.—3. Our Wigwam : An Evening Pipe.

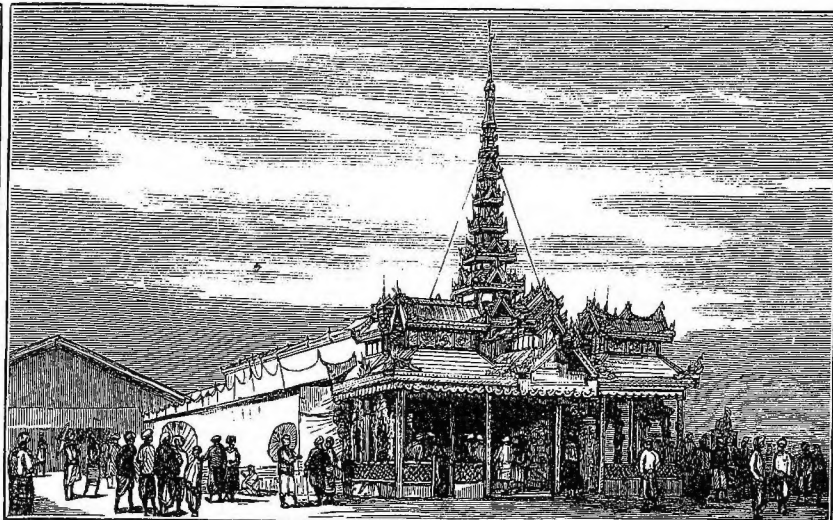
MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA



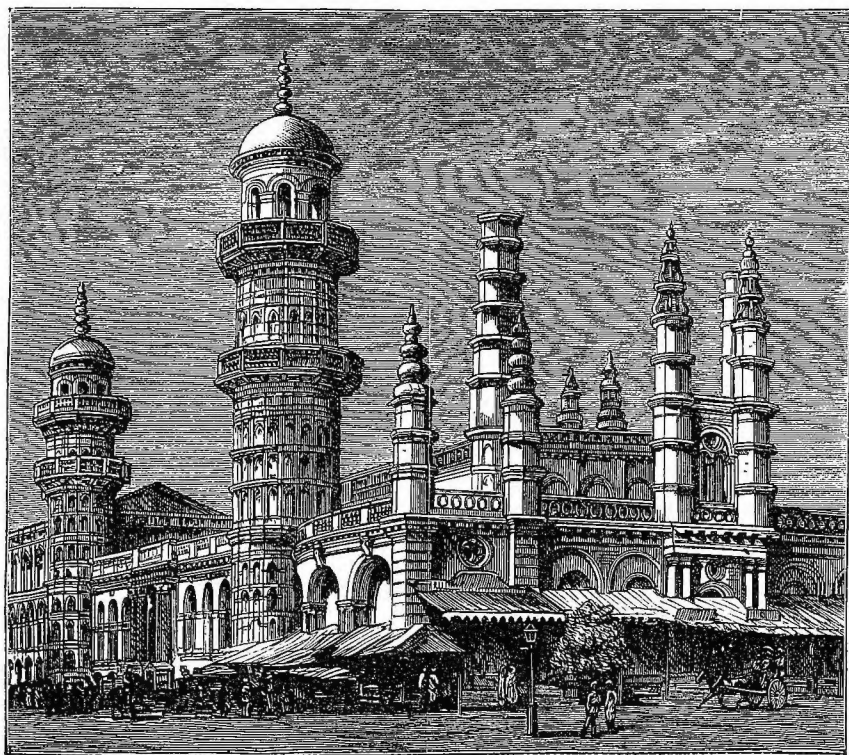
A THREE-DECKED RIVER STEAMER IN THE HARBOUR



SOOLAY PAGODA AND PORTICO OF TOWN HALL



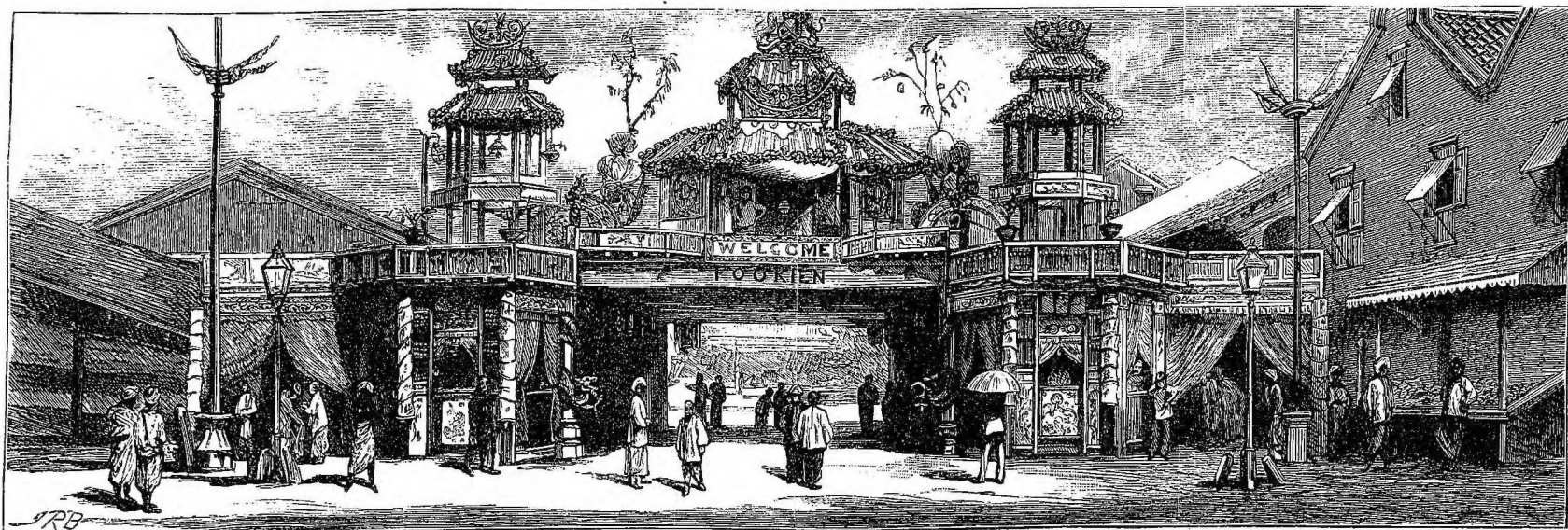
BURMESE ARCHWAY AT LANDING-PLACE



MAHOMEDAN MOSQUE



ARCH ERECTED BY MOGULS—HINDOO ARCH IN DISTANCE



ARCH ERECTED BY FOOKIEN CHINESE

THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S VISIT TO RANGOON, BRITISH BURMAH

occasion. Miss Litton and Mr. Kyrle Bellew will now sustain leading characters.

While the pantomimes at the other theatres are in their last throes, Mr. Augustus Harris has vindicated his reputation for enterprise by bringing out at DRURY LANE what he describes as a "Second Edition" of *Robinson Crusoe*. In this rejuvenated pantomime, while all the good points of the original production are retained, many new situations, tableaux, songs and allusions are introduced, and the performance is thus brought up to the latest date. Chief among the additions should be mentioned the introduction, at the end of the wonderful trades-procession, of a flesh-and-blood John Bull and Jonathan, who, to the great delight of the audience, nightly embrace with the greatest warmth to the accompaniment of the tumultuous waving of hundreds of Union Jacks and Star Spangled Banners, and a monster chorus of "Rule Britannia." This really startling tableaux is one of the most effective things of the kind that has been seen upon the stage. The cast of the pantomime has been in no way changed; and those who wish it still have an opportunity of seeing Miss Fanny Leslie as persecuted Virtue, and Miss Emma D'Auban as personified Vice, and of hearing that exquisitely funny trio sung by Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Fawn, and Mr. Harry Nicholls. The bold buccaneer of the last-named performer has gained in richness and humour, and remains one of the funniest pieces of acting now to be seen.



THE TURF.—The recent chasing and hurdle topping work at Kempton Park hardly calls for comment; but the charming spring-like weather gave thousands of Londoners a very pleasant country outing. Nor has there been much talk or speculation recently about future events, though the decision of "Tattersall's Committee" on the Maskelyne case has given rise to much and angry discussion. The horse was entered for the last St. Leger, but was disqualified, owing to his pedigree not having been given. Thus, practically, it is argued, that he was never in the race, and according to the old rule of wagering that "you cannot lose if you cannot win," the general conclusion arrived at was that the backers of Maskelyne would not have to pay. The Tattersall's Committee have decided otherwise, and so irate are a very large number of persons, including some influential turf men, that they talk of disputing the matter at law, and a considerable sum of money is said to have been offered for that purpose. On the first blush of the case, the objectors seem plainly in the right, but *per contra* it must be remembered that it was quite within the range of possibility that Maskelyne might have run and won too without any objection having been made, and then the backers would have won. His case is not like that of an animal which had been backed for a race for which he had never been entered at all. Then, of course, the backer would not have to pay his money, as there was no possibility of his winning. But it may well be asked why all this delay in settling the Maskelyne case?—There is a widely-spread regret that the continued illness of Lord Falmouth's grand three-year-old Dutch Oven, will prevent her being trained for any early engagements, even if she can be put into hard work this season. It is sad, too, to hear that another crack three-year-old filly, Mr. Rothschild's Nellie, is also on the sick list.

COURSING.—The result of the Waterloo Cup Contest will not be decided till after these jottings have gone to press. We may note, however, that the Grand Coursing banquet at Liverpool on Tuesday evening was as crowded as ever, and for the first time Lord Sefton took the chair. The "draw" as usual created great excitement, and a very curious feature of it was that Mr. Miller's pair, Middleton and Morning, of the famous Misterton and Coomassie litter, were drawn together, as were Mr. Jardine's Murillo and Carrick. The first day's coursing, as has been the case on many recent anniversaries, was productive of disasters to many favourites, the leading pair, Princess Dagmar and Alic Halliday, both going down in their first trials.

AQUATICS.—There is little to report of Hanlan and Boyd, except that both are in good health and progressing satisfactorily in their training.—Chops and changes are the order of the day in the Putney crews at the Universities; and the impression is gradually gaining ground that Cambridge will be the favourites. Affairs, however, will assume a different aspect if West is able to take his place as stroke of the Oxford boat.

FOOTBALL.—The Blackburn Rovers have beaten the Wednesbury Old Athletics in the Association Cup contest, which is now coming near its conclusion. The sixth ties have been drawn as follows: Old Etonians v. Old Foresters or Great Marlow; and Sheffield Wednesday v. Blackburn Rovers.—In Association games of special interest Nottingham Forest has beaten Nottinghamshire, Sheffield has beaten Glasgow, and the Westminster Boys the Old Foresters.—At Cambridge the University has defeated the Clapham Rovers, and at Richmond the home team Cooper's Hall Engineering College.—It has been decided to form a London Football Association for Association Clubs within a radius of twelve miles from the metropolis, the Lord Mayor is Patron, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird (Old Etonians), President, and C. W. Alcock (Old Harrovians), and R. A. Ogilvy (Clapham Rovers), Vice-Presidents. There will be a Challenge Cup played for each year among the Clubs of the Union.

LACROSSE.—Friar Park (Henley-on-Thames) has beaten Clapton; Seaforth has vanquished Oxtou, but has had to succumb to Liverpool; Blackley has inflicted a great defeat on Bradford (Yorks); Manchester has beaten South Manchester; and Woodford has fallen before Clapton.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Dr. Carver has been to the fore again at Liverpool, beating at thirty-one yards Mr. Graham at twenty-nine, and Mr. Fowler at twenty-eight. The stakes were 300l. Score: Dr. Carver 74, Mr. Fowler 65, and Mr. Graham 64, out of 91 birds.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION, which was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 9th, and has remained open all this week, has been a fair success, though in some departments connected with our sports and pastimes the display was somewhat meagre, and the general effect lacking in attractiveness. In many departments, however, ample opportunity was given for inspecting and handling the various implements, "engines," and *impedimenta*, with all their modern and best improvements, to those interested in them. The bicycles, which filled the galleries, formed a magnificent display, an evidence that the "wheely" mania is still rampant. Another "wheely" department was wonderfully well patronised by the chief builders, Metropolitan and provincial, of drags, dog-carts, stanhopcs, village carts, cabs, and open and close carriages of all descriptions. Guns and other "arms of precision" were amply represented by many of our best makers, and it could be seen at a glance that the "hammerless" gun is to be the "gun of the future," if indeed it is not already the "gun of the present."

THE LONDON MIDLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.—The concert given on Tuesday at the Vestry Hall, St. Pancras, by the members and friends of this club in aid of the Prize Fund was quite a success, the room being crowded by an appreciative audience, and the performers exhibiting a laudable desire to gratify their hearers.



MARRYING WARDS OF CHANCERY.—On Tuesday—which, by the way, was Valentine's day—Mr. Justice Fry alluded in Court to two cases which he said had been very properly adjourned to chambers, because they referred to wards of Court, but which he thought he ought to mention publicly as a warning to those who had the custody of "infants." In each case a man had married a ward of Court, knowing her to be such, without leave of the Court, and he had felt it his painful duty to commit both men to prison for contempt, pending an inquiry as to the validity of the marriages. He was, too, so little satisfied with the evidence of the care exercised by the persons who had charge of the infants, that he had also directed an inquiry as to their complicity in the marriages, one of which was by license, whilst the other was by banns.

ALLEGED FRAUDS BY AN ADVENTURESS.—A Miss Fearnoux is now in custody at Birmingham, on remand, charged with having committed an extraordinary series of extensive frauds by personating Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, who died some years ago, and forging the names of Lord Coleridge, the Prince of Wales, and other well-known personages to various letters and documents. She is stated to have carried on the fraud for a number of years, extracting thousands of pounds from the pockets of her credulous victims, some of whom have ruined themselves in supplying her with funds, whilst one poor girl to whom she promised marriage has gone mad, and another of her victims, a man named Fowell, has undergone a year's imprisonment, having been convicted of sending a threatening letter to her.

ANOTHER ALLEGED IMPOSTOR is in custody in London. His real name is Charles Howard, but under a number of high-sounding aliases he is stated to have obtained money by falsely representing himself as related to, or acquainted with various noble families.

FOXHUNTING is liable to be boycotted in some parts of England as well as in Ireland. Attempts have been made to poison the Bicester and Warwickshire Hounds, and Lord Valentia has offered a reward of 100l. for the discovery of the offender; whilst at Hove a follower of the Southdown Foxhounds has been fined for striking a farmer who seized the reins of his horse with the view of preventing him from riding over his land.

IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE at the Liverpool Assizes the defendant pleaded that the plaintiff was his deceased wife's sister, and Baron Pollock stopped the case, saying that as it was a matter of common knowledge that a man could no more marry his deceased wife's sister than his grandmother, the action could not be maintained.

TRICKS OF TRADE.—We have spoken elsewhere of the mysteries of the "old violin" trade as exposed in a recent case in the Queen's Bench Division, and the dispute as to the warranty of a greyhound, which was settled the other day at the Liverpool Assizes, forms a fitting pendant to it. The animal was bought for 100l. on the understanding that it was of a certain age and pedigree, and when it came to the plaintiff's knowledge that there had been misrepresentation he brought an action to recover his money. The case was only part heard when the defendant's counsel announced that, being unable to prove a pedigree, his client would consent to a verdict for the plaintiff, which was accordingly given.

"THE MONARCH OF THE MEADOWS."—The two men concerned in the theft of this picture have been committed for trial. Both have made statements acknowledging their guilt.

PIGEON FANCIERS should note the decision of the Stamford County Court Judge, who holds that their pets when on their flight from one place to another belong to no one, and has accordingly refused to allow any compensation in respect of four birds which had been killed while away from home.

THE HIGH LEIGH POACHING CASE.—One night in November last, on the estate of Colonel Legh, near Northwich, Cheshire, a party of seventeen gamekeepers, professional and amateur, fell in with seven poachers, and a desperate fight ensued, the result being that one of the latter was shot dead, and the other three captured. The keepers at first swore that they had no fire arms, and the surviving poachers would probably have been hung for the murder of their comrade, but for the discovery that one of their number as well as the dead man had been wounded not with shot but with revolver bullets. The upshot of the whole case is that the three poachers have been convicted of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm; whilst three of the keepers' party have been convicted of perjury, eighteen months imprisonment being allotted to each all round. One of the game-protectors, a young farmer, whose revolver was the only weapon which the bullet found in the dead body would fit, was also tried for murder, but was acquitted.

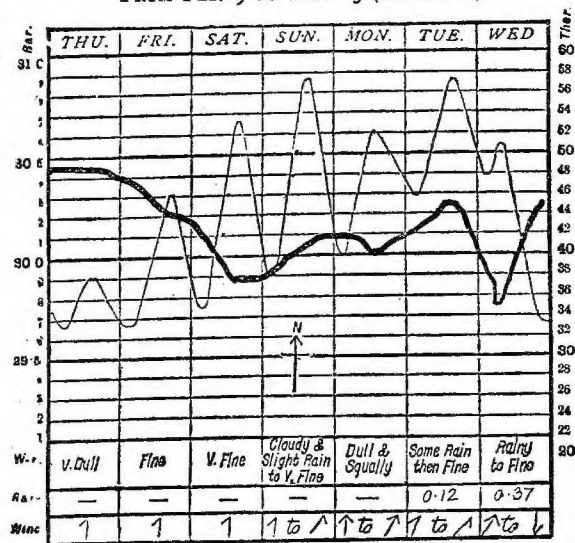
TWO INTERNAL MACHINES were on Wednesday delivered at different places in Edinburgh, and both exploded on being opened. One addressed to a police court official named Macdonald did injury to six persons, and greatly damaged the house; the door and windows, of which were blown out; whilst by the other a widow lady named Barron and her son and daughter-in-law were badly burnt about the head and face. A journeyman mason named Costella, alias Wilson, who is said to have written threatening letters to both Miss Barron and Mr. Macdonald, has been arrested on suspicion of being the sender of the boxes.

JUDGES, JURIES, AND WITNESSES.—The list of cases in which injustice is alleged to have been done in the name of justice is rapidly growing larger, and so astounding are the statements in connection therewith, as to the manner in which verdicts have been arrived at, the dicta of the presiding judges, and the suppression of important evidence, that, in spite of the respect for that "palladium of British liberties," trial by jury, which is supposed to exist in the minds of all true-born Englishmen, one cannot help feeling a strong misgiving respecting our system of dealing with persons who are unfortunate enough to be accused of crime. In the case of Messrs. Clowes and Johnson, independent of the deathbed confession of their accuser, it seems doubtful whether a verdict of guilty would have been returned if all the obtainable evidence had been forthcoming at the trial. Another instance is that of the unfortunate man Fowell, who, if the statements now made are correct, was not only swindled out of all he possessed by an unprincipled adventurer, but has suffered a year's imprisonment, partly because the judge, acting on the strict letter of the law, refused to allow his version of the affair to be stated in justification; and partly because the Liverpool police, who are said to have been well acquainted with the true character of the prosecutrix, held their peace, and permitted her to pass herself off upon judge and jury as an honest and trustworthy gentlewoman. Then there is the case of Amelia Jordan, who the foreman of the jury declares would have been found Not Guilty, but for the fact that the twelve men who had sworn to settle the case "according to the evidence," attached more weight to the judge's opinion than to their own. Add to these the acquittal of the game-preserver Perceval of the murder of the poacher, whose death, according to the evidence, was caused by a bullet which must have been fired from his revolver; and the declaration of one of the Sheffield jurymen concerning the verdict in the recent poisoning case, showing that at first they were almost equally divided, seven being for "manslaughter" and five for "murder," and that gradually the

minority gave way to the majority, the writer himself being the last to yield, which, however, he did, although he felt it to be "an outrage upon justice." Then as an example of the obstinate, albeit honest persistency of which some witnesses are capable—we have the evidence in the Pimlico murder case, given by Mrs. Clark, who identified a knitted scarf, which had been found in the river, as one which she had seen the accused making, although she admitted that the colour had changed, and the mesh was different. Last, but by no means least, we may call attention to the snub administered by Lord Coleridge to a Bristol jury who, at least, seem to have been anxious to arrive at an honest decision. The charge was one of embezzlement, and some technical subtlety being urged in defence, the jury very naturally asked to see the "case" quoted in support of it. His lordship, however, refused to allow this, telling them bluntly that they must take the law from him, and as they declined to do this they were discharged. These striking examples of hardship, absurdity, red-tapeism, and positive injustice are remarkable as having occurred within a very short space of time, but any diligent student of the reports in our law courts must be aware that they can scarcely be spoken of as exceptional instances. Again and again has attention been called to the urgent necessity of thoroughly reforming our criminal procedure, but all to no purpose. Perhaps something might be done if a Bishop should some day be sent to the gallows for a murder committed by some one else, or an Earl wrongfully condemned to penal servitude for life.

THE STRANGE TALE OF A FIDDLE.—The disclosures made in the amusing but not very reassuring case of Hodges v. Chanut, tried on Saturday last before Mr. Justice Field, form but a bare suggestion of what is a widespread system of deception. The defendant had on his own showing sold a violin to the plaintiff in which he had fixed a label bearing these words, "Carlo Bergonzi, Cremona, fecit 1742," but which the evidence tended to prove was probably made by Pressenda, a maker in Turin about fifty years ago. Now, a genuine Carlo Bergonzi is a very valuable instrument, for Bergonzi was one of the most famous of the Cremona makers; and to affix one of his labels to a fiddle not of his manufacture, and not even of his period, is a mendacious proceeding that cannot be too strongly condemned. In the words of the counsel for the plaintiff, "The whole transaction was simply a fraud," but the matter was made still worse by the astonishing plea of the defendant that "it was a custom of the trade." This, unfortunately, is perfectly true. The fact is, that the amount of fraud and trickery practised by fiddle-dealers quite surpasses all the jugglery and deception so often connected with "old masters," old china, battle-field relics, bronzes, and antiques generally. And for this reason: there is less known about fiddles than, perhaps, any other valuable. Very few people are in a position to study genuine examples of the best makers, and it is only by study of the most careful and discriminating description that one is enabled to recognise the real thing when one sees it. There can be no doubt that the public are to blame in some measure for a bad state of things; they will not buy fiddles unlabelled, and, knowing nothing about the subject, foolishly believe all that ingenious dealers tell them. There has been lately seen a plausible advertisement, offering a genuine Stradivarius for the ridiculous sum of thirty shillings. Now, the veriest nincompoop in fiddles would know that a real "Strad" could not be had for fifty times the money. Strange to say, however, we have heard of no less than three people who have bought that fiddle—that is to say, they independently answered the advertisement, and each of them received and paid for a violin with the Stradivari label, a case, and a bow, all for thirty shillings. The plausible advertisement still continues to appear, however, as much as to say, "Fiddles may come and fiddles may go, but I go on for ever"; and doubtless dozens of simple folk have by this time been duped. One of these coarsely-shaped and utterly worthless "instruments" was bought by a charming young lady on behalf of a musical friend. As a natural consequence, relations between them have been somewhat strained. Such transactions, however, will not be stopped, we fear, by the warning decision in Hodges v. Chanut. As long as the public is gullible, and cultivates a mania for buying up fraudulent fiddles, ingenious dealers, with little boxes of labels which they "always have about," will be only too ready to see and seize their advantage.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM FEB. 9 TO FEB. 15 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of this period the weather of our neighbourhood was under the influence of two distinct pressure systems, the one an anti-cyclone or area of high barometer readings, whose central portion lay some distance to the eastward of us, and the other a series of depressions which was passing up our western and northern coasts. The effect of the former system was to occasion a continuance of cool, quiet weather, while the effect of the latter was to prevent the sky from clearing, as it usually does, on the borders of an anti-cyclonic area. During Saturday and Sunday (11th and 12th inst.), however, there was a sufficiently long interval between the disappearance of one depression and the appearance of the next to permit of the dispersal of the cloud canopy, and the weather at this time was exceedingly fine. On Sunday (12th inst.) the temperature in the shade rose to 57°. On Monday (13th inst.) an important disturbance appeared in the west, and occasioned more cloud, but on the following day this had passed away, and another very fine day was experienced, the thermometer again rising to 57°. In the course of Tuesday night (14th inst.), however, some depressions advanced from the north-westward right across the country, and on Wednesday morning (15th inst.), as one of these passed over London, very heavy showers of rain and hail were experienced. In the rear of the disturbance the wind shifted to the north-west, and finally to the north, a change which had a very marked effect upon the weather, for whereas at 8 A.M. the thermometer had been as high as 50°, in the course of an hour or two it was no higher than 41°, a point which it did not exceed during the remainder of the day. The barometer was highest (30.43 inches) on Thursday (9th inst.); lowest (29.75 inches) on Wednesday (15th inst.); range, 0.68 inches. Temperature was highest (57°) on Sunday (12th inst.) and Tuesday (14th inst.); lowest (33°) on Thursday and Friday (9th and 10th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.49 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.37 inches, on Wednesday (15th inst.).

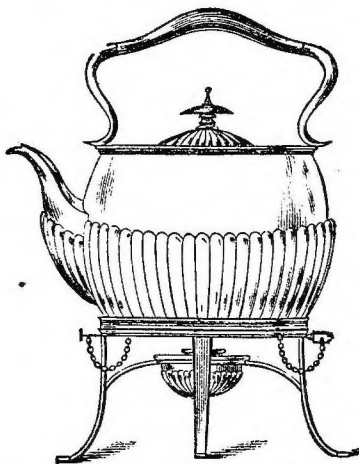
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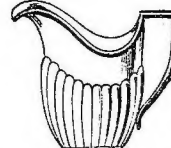
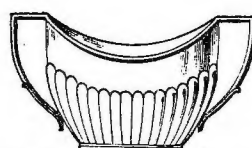
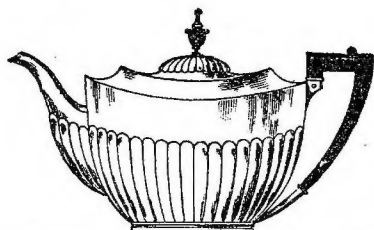
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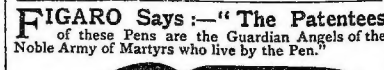
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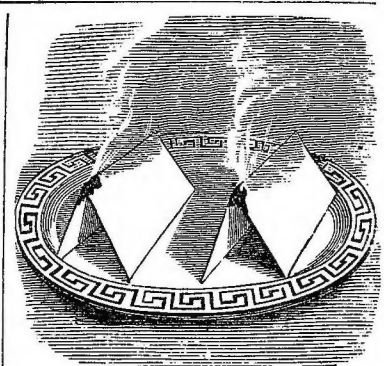
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